COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

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No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1896.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Are the people forgetting that all these expedients of bonds and tariffs are the mere temporary makeshifts of current legislation, and that our whole fiscal system needs a complete and thorough readjustment on a basis that shall be and remain permanent?

We must not forget this, for it is the one vital and essential fact in the situation. The responsible representatives of the people, in the White House, Cabinet and Congress, are charged with the duty of protecting the national credit, and regulating the coinage and the currency for the general welfare; hence the means to that end which seem most advisable to them are not to be lightly questioned, when they are adopted according to law, to meet a passing emergency. The popular loan plan of bond issue has been favored in these columns; yet, if it comes to that pass, wherein an appeal to bankers or to a syndicate of bankers becomes necessary, a reasonable public opinion will sanction the proceeding, even at the expense of a legitimate and reasonable profit to the bankers. Such public opinion will not, I fancy, indorse the reckless and gratuitous imputing of bad motives to President, Cabinet or Congress in any transaction looking to the obtaining of a needed supply of gold for the Treasury reserve.

The popular loan is desirable, in our attempts to place the national debt, for it will be an opportunity for all the people to take an interest in the national finances. It will leave us in debt at home, instead of to foreigners. The interest will go to enrich our own country instead of foreign bankers and investors. The only question at this time is, Will the people take all, or even a considerable part, of the one hundred million-dollar loan? There is nothing to do now but provide a temporary remedy, that will not be so evanescent in its effects as to open the way for repeated applications of the same for a long time to come. We cannot go along at this rate all the time. An end must come to the policy of makeshift.

It is clear that if gold is to be continuously drained out of the Treasury, gold bond issues must also be continuous. The plan proposed by Senator Sherman ought to be a good one to prevent this evil. The veteran financier proposes legislation providing that when greenbacks and Treasury notes are redeemed in gold, they are not to leave the Treasury again except in exchange for gold. It is clear, also, that it will be impossible to keep this currency in the Treasury, if the Government is obliged to pay money out of the Treasury to meet the expenses of the Government, as it will have to do, when the revenue receipts from all sources are less than the expenditures authorized by law and necessary for economical administration.

This brings us to the additional conclusion—from which there is no escape—and that is, we can do nothing to restore a healthy condition of the national finances, until revenue receipts exceed expenditures. A scheme that will insure this must be coupled with another, to so manage and adjust the bonded national debt, that these flurries and temporary depressions may not recur in the future, and that endless patchwork on the Treasury may not be made our national policy in the art of finance.

It is needless to point out that this will be an undertaking that cannot be lightly done. Its proper performance will demand the patience of experience, the level-headed prudence of practical men and no small degree of that genius for finance which few men possess. I intimated at one time in these columns that our whole financial system, including the payable Government debt, may be a colossal blunder. Eminent European financiers have affirmed that the payment of our national debt—or the attempt to pay it—is at the bottom of our monetary troubles. Why not let a commission of experts give an opinion on this point, and formulate a plan for the perpetual funding of all the bonds of the Government? What is the real connection between the gold-silver ratio, and the general prosperity of this country or of the world? Is there any connection between the two? How many Congressmen are competent to form an opinion on the merits of this question? And if these and other questions of monetary science, and the whole question of revenue, need to be settled now for all time, there is only one way to do it. Let the commission of experts draw up a plan and scheme in such a way that Congress and the people may be able to view the matter intelligently. If found suitable, Congress will pass a law based on the recommendations of the Commissioners, the President will sign it, and the whole country will then know from day to day that the National Treasury at least is safe from discredit or gold drainage, no matter what panics or failures may come to the world of business and banking. When the new order is established, the National Government will have no connection with outside influences; there will be no "entangling alliances" with Wall Street, and the periodical outbreaks of our present monetary and financial Cave of Winds will have become phenomena of the past.

Between the people and bankers, at all events, the country ought to—and no doubt will—be equal to the present bond emergency; but the permanent readjustment of the whole fiscal system of the country must come through the work of a commission of experts.

The great majority of us are concerned, fortunately or unfortunately, more with the present than with the future life; still Mr. Gladstone's promised papers on the latter subject will be read with unusual interest in the *North American Review* during 1896. It is hoped that these papers may be concluded while the weather permits, for if they extend into the harvest moons in this latitude, the abstruse and complicated nature of the arguments may be more than mortal—or even immortal—brain tissue can bear. The feeling is somewhat inevitable, that the great writer and statesman is nearing the hither confines of his subject; and those whose affection for him is based on the testimony of his long and useful life of good to all men, will hope that, if these papers are to be one of Mr. Gladstone's final legacies to the race, no premonition of failing powers may mar their symmetry and conclusiveness.

It is with pathetic interest, therefore, that the opening article in the *North American* for January, "Future Life and the Condition of Man Therein," will be studied. So little does Mr. Gladstone value the adverse arguments of his late antagonist, Huxley; so little does he recognize the alleged surpassing potency of modern advanced anti-Christian science in this great debate, that he takes us back at the beginning to Bishop Butler's famous "Analogy." This work is not taken up at all with such a view of the case as the Haeckels, Huxleys and Darwins have presented to what is sometimes called the world of modern thought; and Mr. Gladstone himself points out that Bishop Butler's argument on the probabilities of a future life has no direct connection at all with the main line of discussion in the body of the "Analogy." Under these circumstances it will be a task requiring much ingenuity, to keep up a connected and consistent discussion with the "Analogy" as a text.

The scope of the first paper is to distinguish between the different states that may be predicated for the human being who survives death. Even if there is a form of vitality that overcomes the particular crisis that we call death, Mr. Gladstone distinguishes between this and a continued existence without end. Another form of existence after death is not necessarily eternal existence in that form or in any form. He also distinguishes between the separate and independent immortality of the spirit after it leaves the body, and the resurrection of the body to a new life, as a new tenement for the immortal spirit. The latter is the resurrection of the full man, even though with a new dwelling for the soul. The new life to which human beings are introduced may be subject to various attributes and may be influenced by them. They may be active, spiritual, moral, intelligent; if so they must have an environment suitable for these characteristics.

As for this unseen world itself, we may conceive of it as being in the future only, as Divine Revelation shows it to our apprehension; or it may be a complete entity of duration, with a past eternity, a present crisis for us all, and a future eternity. On the subject of identity—will the human being in the future life be identical with his present Ego?—Mr. Gladstone finds that without this identity, immortality can be of no concern to us. (I may remark here that a very ordinary intellect can feel the force of this conclusion, which is probably the most important consideration in the whole momentous topic. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls is a virtual denial of immortality.)

Finally, Mr. Gladstone finds that a condition of deathlessness which comes to the human being by gradual union with Christ and God, through the spiritual influence of religion, must be distinguished from an immortality that belongs to the human being from birth as his absolute possession. If we cannot accept the idea of an immortality that comes by nature, it is possible for some to believe in an immortality resulting from a higher spiritual perfection in a future life.

With these preliminaries, as to the nature of immortality, Mr. Gladstone promises to discuss the nature of the tenure on which it is to be held. The subject is wide and deep. I trust the papers may all be as lucid as the first one.

As the Weekly goes to press there are rumors of impending and probable conflicts on both hemispheres, and the war cloud above the horizon in each is much larger than a man's hand. A British force, probably mounted police, have occupied the extreme end of the British claim in the disputed Venezuela-Guiana boundary region. The Venezuelan people are convinced that British gold is aiding the revolution. President Crespo has issued a decree recognizing the revolutionists, and will ask Congress to give him authority to execute the leaders when caught. The prisons of Caracas are overflowing with prisoners. There are six hundred held for political offenses alone. Anti-English meetings are held in Caracas every few days, and grand receptions are held in honor of American residents. If there is to be a conflict over the Venezuela boundary, this move of the Guiana police is the first hostile step. The South American Republic may offer successful resistance by land for a few weeks; but England would of course gain an easy victory in the end, unless this country interfered. The British Foreign Office is maintaining its customary reticence under such circumstances, and the silence is rather ominous. The pacific and conciliatory attitude of the London press may be inspired by the War Office as a blind. The disputed territory near the mouth of the Orinoco is a heavy stake worth a very great risk; and England makes a specialty of such aggressions anyhow. It may be just as well not to be too hasty with our peace theories regarding England's necessities, her lack of friends, commercial interests and all that. Venezuela is in danger, and we may have a chance to protect her against British aggression yet.

To be sure this world-searcher has a new difficulty on her hands in South Africa, and there is placid figuring on our part to the effect that she will be easy with Venezuela until she comes to an understanding with the German Emperor about his intentions and England's treaty rights in the Transvaal Republic. But Venezuela may not gain anything, after all. Indeed the South African incident seemed to me rather another proof of how well prepared Great Britain is for the execution of a vigorous foreign policy. The words of the German Emperor were scarcely read by the outside world, before a flying squadron of British modern warships was on its way to Cape Town.

The misunderstanding with the Boers in the Transvaal is in itself a further proof of the same thing. The Transvaal Republic has a nominal independence, is practically a Dutch oligarchy ruling over the English-speaking population who, though in an overwhelming majority, have no civic rights at all—cannot vote or hold office, have no voice in public affairs, and are really living under a scandalously narrow and oppressive rule. When Great Britain recognized the independence of the Transvaal Republic in 1881, she attached two or three conditions, only one of which now remains—namely, that the Republic should not deal with other

Governments without the consent of Great Britain. This condition is about as grotesque, as an element of independence, as the condition of the alleged Republic in which a few hundred slow, phlegmatic Teutonic burghers rule over a hundred thousand Englishmen and other Britishers, and allow them not even the right of sending their children to public schools, except to Dutch schools. The Transvaal Republic, it seems, now wants full independence; and this is the meaning of the German Emperor's covert reference to the Republic's successful resistance to outside interference. On the other hand the bulk of the population of the Transvaal are restive under their disgraceful submission to a ridiculous oligarchy. They want their rights—and ought to have them. On the whole, the dispute in the Transvaal is the most serious one yet reported.

It is not, of course, generous or seemly on our part to take advantage of England's embarrassment—though she has not been equally considerate of us. The situation, however, does not fully justify the statement that she is in a very tight place yet. If Germany and Great Britain come to a clash, that would be different.

What are the prospects for a brush between these two great Powers? With particular reference to the Transvaal, the trouble seems to be a matter of blood relationship and cognate ideas; the Dutch oligarchy at Johannesburg naturally has the sympathy of the German autocrat of Berlin. The Britisher wants, not so much freedom as rights, in the Transvaal. The Dutch burghers do not believe in the Englishman's idea of rights, but is quite willing that he should enjoy all the freedom he can find lying around loose in a country that belongs to the burghers by a sort of guaranteed fee simple. Emperor William finds the Dutch oligarchy tied up by a provision that practically nullifies its independence, and shuts it off from communication with the German Empire, except by and with the consent of a nation alien to all that the Teuton mind and sympathies approve. The natural and inevitable antagonism between German and British interests in the Transvaal is quite apparent on this view of the case; and in that antagonism is one of the most dangerous elements that can come between two nations.

But there is a still more threatening motive at work between the two Empires. Only last summer the *Saturday Review*, in an article evidently inspired, took unusual pains to point out that England had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a war with Germany which has grown to be her chief commercial rival in Europe; insisting at the same time that the case would be reversed in the event of an English war with France. That was very plain language in time of peace, and can be explained only on the theory that there is a growing feeling of hostility and a progressive development of antagonistic interests between the two countries. It is known, furthermore, that England has done some shrewd bargaining with both France and Russia in the Far East, after the China-Japan War; and it is suspected that a like secret hobnobbing is in progress around Constantinople. I look upon the Kaiser's message to the Transvaal as a distinctively hostile defiance of Great Britain's overweening foreign policy.

It is not at all improbable that the South African crisis may result in some sharp reprisals both ways between the Governments of the nominal queen-grandmother, and the actual autocrat grandson. War may not come, but there will be a chance for one or the other to seek peace with honor, as we are trying to do here, over the Venezuela affair.

While the war rumors are flying thick and fast, real war in Cuba is hovering about the gates of Havana, as the WEEKLY goes to press. Gomez and his insurgent army are nearing the end of a brilliant campaign, and the Spanish forces under Campos are concentrated in the Western part of the Island. Gomez has shown prudence as well as skill and daring in the conduct of the enterprise so far, and the friends of Cuban liberty will hope that he is not rashly throwing his forces against the guns of the strongly fortified capital. A last stand before Havana would be an excellent occasion for coming to an understanding with Spain. The week that is closing is full of destiny for the Cuban patriots' cause. All we can do, is to wish that the right may prevail, and that the long reign of bloodshed and oppression in Cuba is near its end.

In the midst of war and rumors of war, the Venezuela Commission has already done a very great good for the cause of peace and good-will. It is nothing less than that prominent Englishmen now advocate a joint court of arbitration to settle disputes between the two countries. Justice Harlan proposed such a plan in 1893, and it is not a little to the credit of the American plan of open-and-above-board frank dealings, that our ex-parte Commission has suggested to the best minds of Great Britain the idea of a joint court at this time. This country has nothing to conceal in its championing of the rights of a weaker State. The American Union is not seeking advantage but even-handed justice. She asks it for herself, in the open, without equivocation or diplomatic reservations or double meanings. Fair-play Englishmen see this. The result is that, besides the joint court, it is further proposed by the London *Times* to substitute actual occupation by British settlers for the Schomburgk line—thus practically abandoning that boundary. Of course, such a proposal is one-sided; but it shows that the English doggedness is softening toward our invitation to arbitrate. It is a substantial victory.

It is significant that all the war talk arises from a common condition in the regions affected. British subjects in their world-searching have gained a foothold in almost every quarter of the globe, where there is a chance for a disputed boundary or for disputed authority, or for driving a hard bargain with neighboring rulers. Wherever they gain a foothold, they soon begin to encroach, unless they are checked from the outset by the firm rule of one of the great Powers. In this way, they have doubtless settled further and further into what ought to be Venezuelan territory. This fact explains why the *Times* proposes to substitute occupation for the Schomburgk line. In the Transvaal, British subjects have settled and built up the country, and now they are demanding a recognition, to which they are probably entitled. On the whole, however, the rest of the world is entitled to have this British encroachment stopped. It is dangerous to the rights of weaker peoples; now it has become a danger to the peace of the world. It is not too soon to begin presenting a bold front toward British aggression and interference.

"I think it would be a mighty good idea if the women were packed away and sent out of Washington and the men left alone here to attend to the business that they are sent here for by the country."

Quoth Senator David B. Hill as above, noting regretfully at the same time that he is called a crusty old bachelor. If the ladies of Washington society are so lavish in their entertainments that they are interfering with public business, that is indeed a serious matter. But it would be easier for the ladies to stay at the Capital, and not give so many entertainments; or, more specifically, allow an invited guest the privilege of absence without regrets, if he can show that weighty matters are on his mind, or that his committee meets next day, or that he dined out the previous evening and has had a sufficiency for now, etc. There are many other expedients besides exodus. Washington without the ladies ought to be a rather dreary desert about this time of year.

London *Truth* views a possible war between this country and Great Britain as a "stale mate" on both sides—that in the end both countries would have to go back to where we started from, after having inflicted incalculable injury upon each other; that England being preponderant at sea would levy tribute on our great cities, and blockade some of our seaports, while we would take Canada; that England would hurt herself while disorganizing American commerce; that a few "Alabamas" would slip out of American ports to ruin the British carrying trade; that the whole thing would be preposterously ruinous to both countries; and that therefore war is not to be thought of. It is important to note in this connection that in the event of war with Great Britain more than a few American "Alabamas" would prey on her merchant marine; also that it would take a great many of England's warships to blockade even a few of the American seaports. Oh, yes; war would be a terrible injury to Mr. Bull, and not a very healthful occupation for Brother Jonathan.

I have received a note from an esteemed labor leader, asking why it is that all the daily newspapers denounce every strike that comes up, no matter what may be the merits of the case. My correspondent will bear in mind that those newspaper men are only human, and that the constant writing of the words "The Strike a Failure" must become very tiresome after a while. The newspaper man would like a little variety. He favors almost anything—Labor Union, Co-operation, Arbitration—for a change. The WEEKLY has not grown tired of recording strike failures; but the Joint Stock Labor Union is its substitute for the strike, because it is the best for all parties concerned including the general public.

The striking tailors of this city who have been so shamefully treated by some of the contractors have looked about them for an effectual remedy against the evils of sweating, oppression, and that most disgraceful fraud, referred to in the last issue—the repudiating of formal agreements entered into with their employers—such agreements being, eighty-five per cent of them, no good, according to the boast of one of the contractors. I remarked in the last issue that if the Joint Stock Labor Union had hold of one of these boasting contractors under such circumstances, he would land in Sing Sing for fraudulent dealing. It is semi-officially announced that the striking tailors, who have been locked out to starve, have agreed to start a number of shops of their own, and that they have been offered building sites and financial assistance to that end, by several localities within and a short distance from the Metropolitan District. The Joint Stock Labor Union is sure to come. It is the next stage—and it will bring real organized labor, with it, as a great industrial power instead of a multitude of dependent and often starving workmen.

Cardinal Satolli, elevated to the Cardinalate in Baltimore January 4, has learned to speak English excellently in a very short time, and has identified himself with the interests of the Catholic Church in America in a whole-hearted and enthusiastic fashion. Sojourning here by authority of the Vatican, it was his work in the United States that caused him to be singled out for the honor; and the circumstance is one more reminder of the universal claim of the American Hierarchy that republican institutions and the Ancient Church are getting on together, even better than the Governments of Europe and the Vatican have ever been able to do amid the clashing interests of kings, nobles and ambitious Chancellors. The honor conferred on Cardinal Satolli is not charged up to the United States, though the honor was conferred here and on account of services rendered here. It is expected that this country will have another representative in the College of Cardinals in the near future.

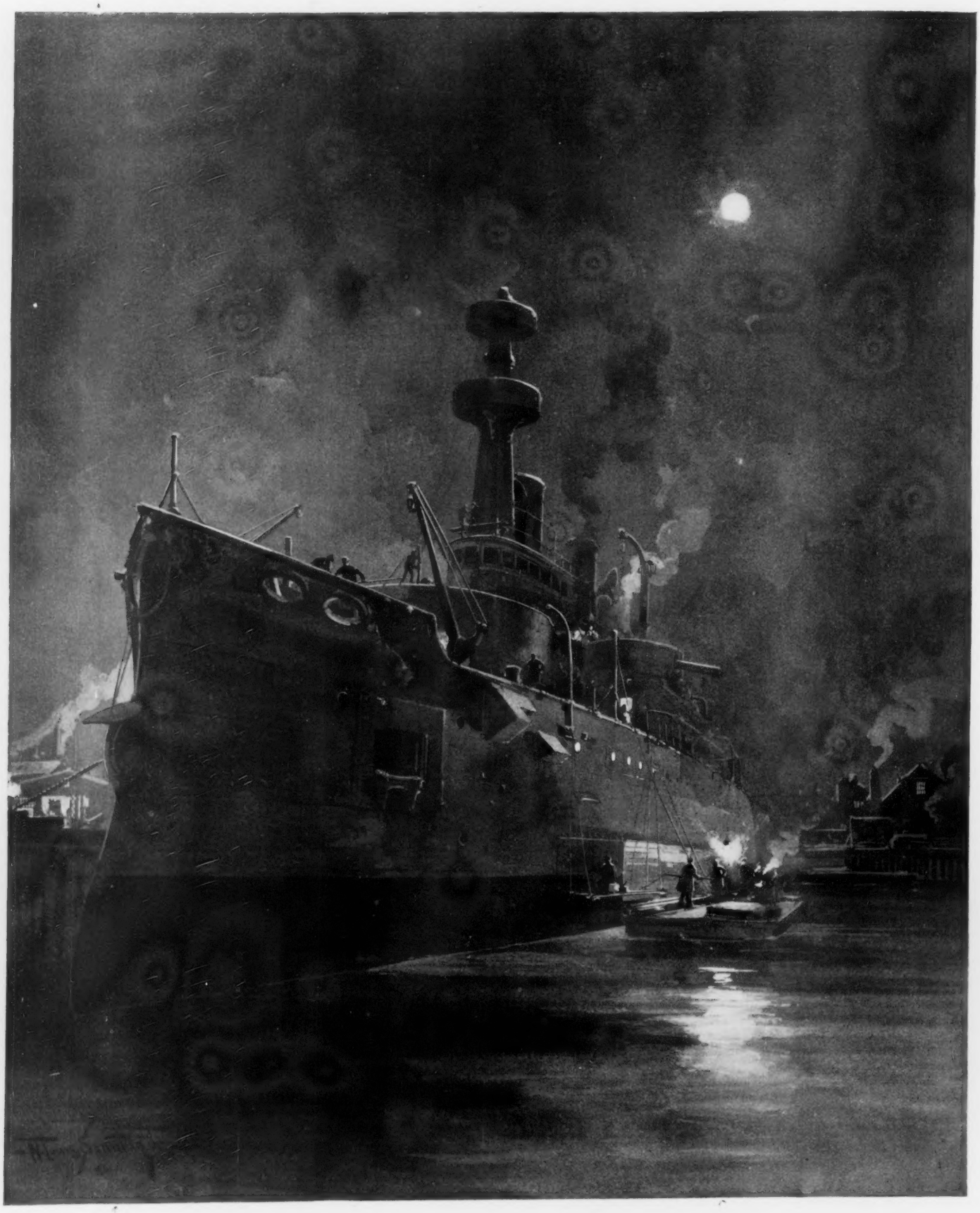
The report of the America's Cup Committee calls for another examination of Lord Dunraven's pamphlet, making the charge of fraud in the alleged immersion of the "Defender" three to four inches below the waterline as marked. The Committee find that the "Defender" was marked as requested by his Lordship, and that it was done September 8, the day following the first race. Lord Dunraven's complaint, therefore, that he made the request and got no satisfaction from the Committee is a very flimsy bit of quibbling, to draw it mild. We are gradually coming to the end of this tiresome and exasperating business; and the end is likely to be just what the average American sportsman said it would be, from the start: His Lordship is a poor loser, and he has written a pamphlet to prove it.

Thomas Byrnes returned from Europe on the 8th inst., hale, hearty and cheerful. He denied all the reports as to his illness, his proposed connections abroad, and said he was going to stay right here in New York. The ex-Chief of Police is well acquainted in the city, and has earned the gratitude of many worthy citizens while earning the enmity of the other fellows.

The Greater New York scheme is now before the Legislature at Albany, and the battle is on all along the line. The bill introduced by Senator Lexow names January 1, 1898, as the date when consolidation is to take effect. It is a large undertaking, and will require time as well as ingenious manœuvering of forces to bring it to a successful issue in the face of a considerable opposition in Brooklyn. It is the understanding of Senator Lexow, however, that the delay will not be prolonged by a re-submission of the question to the voters. The Senator holds that that question has been settled in favor of consolidation. The Greater New York Commission will do its own special work, while the Senate Committee on Cities will go into matters of detail that the Commission has not touched. The Committee on Cities is not as favorable to the Greater New York scheme as might be wished, but the final triumph of consolidation is not at present to be doubted. As this will mean one of the two largest cities in the world, the event will be looked forward to with a pardonable national pride.

Under the proposed new excise law licenses in the metropolis will be eight hundred dollars, and in Brooklyn six hundred and fifty dollars. In cities between fifty thousand and five hundred thousand, the fee will be five hundred dollars. Cities below fifty thousand will pay three hundred and fifty dollars; incorporated villages, two hundred dollars; all other places, seventy-five dollars. Local option is provided for by towns and wards, the first vote for this purpose to be had next fall. It will be possible in this way to banish saloons from some of the residence quarters of the larger cities, and from many of the business districts—a result that is now secured by special restrictions in favor of certain parcels of real estate. The new law offers no means of taking a vote on Sunday selling. Every liquor dealer must give bonds to the State for good behavior. The immediate result of such a law as this would be the thinning out of the saloons by at least one-third over and above the natural decline of the business that has been one of the striking phenomena of life in the metropolis for the last five years. The proposed new law is likely to meet little opposition from the Republican majority in the Legislature.

Utah has come into the Union as the Forty-fifth State. In the Great Basin, the old Mormon Territory and its people represented material prosperity as the reward of patient toil and phenomenal industry, in a soil that came from Nature's hand a barren and cheerless desert of salt and igneous rocks. To-day the wide expanse of the new State is dotted with gardens and pretty towns, and great irrigation canals; and its chief city has in the Mormon Temple one of the architectural wonders of the modern world. Let us hope that Utah, with clean hands, may cultivate monogamy and loyalty to the Union, no less assiduously than she has cultivated the stubborn soil of the Great Basin.



WORK ON THE "MASSACHUSETTS" AT CRAMPS' SHIPYARD, PHILADELPHIA.

THE work being done on the battleship "Massachusetts" at Cramps' Shipyard in Philadelphia is of unusual interest at this time. The uproar caused by the armor-plate and ordnance resolution of inquiry in the Senate two weeks ago has about subsided, and the people of the country are more anxious to see our great iron shipyards afforded every opportunity to do the very best work, than they are to prove any neglect, carelessness or fraud in turning the cruisers and battleships over to the Government.

The work done by the Cramps, in building warships and high-class ocean liners as well, is work that could not even be attempted in this country a few years ago. The Cramps have always been noted for their liberal and honorable dealings with the Government, with their employees and with the American public generally, with whom they have had such enormous transactions since this country began to build iron ships.

Their shipyard in Philadelphia is one of the wonders of our time in point of equipment, colossal mechanical contrivances, the discipline of the working force and the new inventions applied to the art of iron shipbuilding by the Cramps exclusively. A visit to the yard is one of the rarest pleasures that occasionally come in the way of the newspaper artist and correspondent. The really great personalities that are at the head of this enterprise are as well known and as particularly distinguished for their personal courtesies as for their high standing in the industrial world of the United States.

In the one ambition of the Cramps' industrial career —that one day we may be building iron ships of the first magnitude, for a great and growing commerce— the public will heartily wish them the early enjoyment of the same in its greater fulfillment; and we hope that when that day comes, the Cramps will have their full share of the work.

THE joint resolution for the admission of the State of Hawaii—one of our foreign possessions, that are to be—has been introduced in the House; one hundred thousand dollars is asked for to defray expenses incidental to the acquiring of the new State. Hawaii may as well understand, before coming in, that she must not bring with her any entanglements or old quarrels or bad debts.

SENATOR SQUIRE of the State of Washington has with him a large following among the people of this country when he favors the sending of a warship to Turkey if necessary to protect lives. When the blot of the Porte is finally removed from the map of Europe, we ought to be able to say that we were there when the good work was done.

THE Egyptians used gold as money at a very early but unknown period, but first in the form of rings, which opened and could be strung together.

BOSTON'S LITTERATEURS. — (See page 10.)

KITTENS.

IN FABLELAND.

Draw the curtain, close the shutter,
Range the screen across the door,
Listing to a languid mutter
All the traffic's rush and roar;
As the drowsy flame grows dimmer,
Curling round the log's charred brand,
Let us glide amid its glimmer
Into far-off Fableland

* * * * *

Silently the great Enchanter
Rises up before us there:
Time, the spoiler, the supplanter,
Has not touched one silvery hair;
Still with beaming smile unbanished,
Still, with tear but half-concealed,
As of old, on nights long vanished,
He his sped begins to wield

From the bell a fairy tinkle,
With the wand a magic wave,
And with eyes that starlike twinkle
Dazzling Trix greets Esmond grave;
While intent upon his pleading,
So remorselessly withstood,
With a look half interceding,
Sighs sweet Rachel Castlewood!

Next, ah, what a wondrous medley
Opens out before our view!
Purse-proud Osborne, pauper Sedley;
Trusty Dobbin, George untrue;
Emmy winning, Becky willing;
Craftless Rawdon, cunning Steyne—
Loving, hating, sobbing, smiling!
Was there ever such a scene?

Then the wand a moment falters
As it circles through the air;
Round us something weirdly alters—
What we cannot tell, or where;
O'er our eyes a mist comes stealing,
Pensive silence reigns supreme,
Till a vesper bell's faint pealing
Falls like music in a dream.

Gradually it ceases sounding—
Whose those suppliant hands upborne?
Whose that face with peace abounding,
Yet so wan, so sorrow-worn?
Feebly seems the breath to flutter—
Quaveringly the lips exclaim—
"Adsum!" that is all they utter—
He has answered to his name!

* * * * *

Death's dark torrent onward rushing
Ever sweeps some track away,
Ever some loved voice is hushing,
In our ears but yesterday.
'Mid the dusk of life's December,
On its Spring our sad thoughts fall,
Till we pine to not remember,
Till we pray to not recall!

Then, like troubled children yearning
For some charm their griefs to quell,
Do we find our hearts returning
To the great Enchanter's spell—
To the solace of those pages
That no change can ever sear,
Where each tender smile assuages,
And there's balm in every tear.

—William Toynbee.

SOME HISTORIC INSURANCE FRAUDS.

BY THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE.

The recent conviction of Holmes in Philadelphia for the murder of Howard Pitezel, the execution in Minneapolis of Hayward for the murder of Miss Ging, the trial now going forward in Toronto of the Hyams brothers for the murder of Wells, and the many other crimes in various parts of the country—all having the same motive—serve to induce reflection on the powerful incentive to crime which life insurance offers to the unprincipled. It is not that this should serve as an argument against life insurance that I bring it forward at this juncture; but, in view of the interest excited by these affairs, a brief account of a few historic parallels will not be out of place.

It was to be expected that in the early days of life insurance, before that vigilance born of costly experience had provided any of the safeguards now enjoyed by insurance companies, and before medical science had attained anything approaching its present state of development, many frauds would be successfully attempted which would be impossible under present conditions; but it is interesting to note that in the manner of defrauding insurance companies little or no progress—if it can be called progress—has been made. The devices employed to-day are practically the same as those in use a hundred and fifty years ago in the infancy of the enterprise.

One of the most remarkable frauds in the history of life assurance is, strangely enough, the first one ever recorded. It occurred about 1730, in the then obscure suburb of St. Giles, London, the parties to it being a young woman of singularly handsome presence and a man who was supposed to be her father and who might, from his age, have really borne that relationship to her. Their worldly fortunes were in that doubtful condition which classed them with the "shabby genteel"; they did not obtrude themselves upon their neighbors, interfering with no one and encouraging no one to interfere with them. There is no accurate description of them extant, the record simply representing him as being tall and with something of a military bearing, while she is said to have been rather haughty and frigid in manner. One night the lady was taken suddenly ill, the father summoned his neighbors and a leech, but to no purpose. She was insensible when the physician entered and died soon after. The father appeared to be completely prostrated with grief, and after the funeral claimed some money that was insured on his daughter's life and left the locality.

Not long after this occurrence a house in the then fashionable quarter of Queen's Square was rented by a distinguished-looking gentleman of middle age, with fierce mustaches and a military air. He entertained lavishly and soon became popular, especially among the young bloods, or macaronies, as they were called at that time. Not a little of the popularity of both the "captain" and his establishment was due to the very charming lady who presided over the latter (without any legal right, it was said). Their antecedents were unknown to their fashionable neighbors, but if any of the good folk of St. Giles had chanced to pass that way they would have had little difficulty in identifying them as the quondam bereaved father of that humble quarter and the departed daughter *redivira*. But Queen's Square was a long way from St. Giles, and the "captain" entertained his friends undisturbed; the guests lost their money assiduously to the master of the house, while the mistress smiled sweetly upon them and everybody was satisfied. But the inevitable happened eventually, and my lady was seized with convulsions during the night and died despite the efforts of the foremost physicians of the day. The gallant "captain," it is said, recovered many thousands from the underwriters and Queen's Square knew him no more.

It was not until after this occurrence that a certain substantial and responsible-looking merchant, whose appearance, if anybody had cared to notice, corresponded in some respects with that of the hospitable military man of Queen's Square, London, appeared in the business circles of Liverpool and began to transact business on a large scale. He was universally respected—a tribute, possibly, to the success of all his ventures—and his home, presided over by his charming niece, became a rendezvous for the solid business men of that solid municipality. He was a generous contributor to every public charity, a pillar of the church, and, above all, a dispenser of good dinners—so what more was necessary? The bloods of Queen's Square were no more likely to be found among the traders of Liverpool than were the simple people of St. Giles within the precincts of Queen's Square, and therefore there was no fear that the *soi disant* "captain" and his supposedly defunct lady would be recognized. Here, again, the lady was taken suddenly and violently ill and died, despite the efforts of the doctors, and the Liverpool underwriters, who had been as ready as their London fellows to insure her, made the bereaved uncle two thousand pounds richer. And here all trace of this precious pair is lost. It is probable that if the criminals of that day were as assiduously and systematically hunted down as they are now, or the criminal records as carefully kept, there would be more to tell; but, as it is, there the matter ends. How the frauds were practiced—whether the woman possessed the power of suspending animation at will, or a generous share of the proceeds closed the eyes and hushed the consciences of the medical men—was never ascertained. It remains one of the unexplained mysteries of the history of life insurance.

About thirty years later another notable fraud was attempted, the victim being the Equitable Society for the Assurance of Life and Survivorship, which was organized in 1762. A man named Innes induced his step-daughter to insure her life with the company for one thousand pounds. Soon after she died, and he produced a will making him executor and legatee. He was suspected of being privy to her death, but there was no tangible evidence. The society, however, had sufficient ground to warrant it in refusing to pay, holding that the will was not genuine. On the case being brought to trial, Innes produced one of the witnesses to the document who swore that it had been executed in Glasgow and that he personally knew the other witness. The trial was continued, and Innes endeavored to strengthen his case. He had three witnesses, two of whom were brothers named Borthwick. Two of these described the signing of the document, agreeing in every particular; but the third, one of the Borthwicks, weakened at the last moment and confessed that the will "had not been made in Glasgow, but had been forged by a schoolmaster in the Maze, in the Borough." Innes attempted to escape from the courtroom on this exposure, but was caught. He was subsequently hanged; one of his confederates was imprisoned and the other placed in the pillory.

The next remarkable fraud which is recorded in the annals of life insurance, and which savors more of latter-day methods, was perpetrated in 1780. It was the first recorded instance in which a substitute was presented for the medical examination. A London lady in excellent health was insured for two thousand dollars, and within six months a claim was made for the money. As the disease was said to be of the lungs, the suspicions of the officials were aroused; but as no fraud could be proved the money was paid. Subsequently it was found that the woman who was insured had been impersonated at the medical examination by her sister.

But another and more serious fraud was perpetrated about this time by a young adventuress who had gone from England to India in search of a wealthy husband. She succeeded, as she thought, in landing the coveted prize, discovering only when it was too late to retrace her steps that in seeking a dupe she had been duped herself. This young lady had many charms to compensate for her lack of fortune, and many were the offers of marriage she received. She steadily rejected them all, however, until she secured what she considered a prize worthy of her merits. They were married, and then came the revelation which so chagrined her—he was almost as poor as she. Nothing daunted, however, she, by arts of blandishment of which she was a thorough mistress, induced him to insure his life with a London company for several thousand pounds. Soon after he fell sick, with "liver disease" the doctors said, and gradually sank. No wife could be more affectionate or attentive than she, and when she was not by his bedside her place was taken by a Hindoo servant, who was said, by the way, to find much favor in the lady's eyes.

In the course of time the husband died, and the bereaved wife donned her weeds, collected her insurance and sailed for England. Here she lived in magnificent style until her funds became low, and it was then announced that she was about to marry a young man of inferior station. At the same time she applied to have his life insured, but when it was found that she had only enough money at her banker's to pay the first premium, the companies became suspicious and investigated. Her Indian record was exposed, and the prospective bridegroom, becoming alarmed, declared the marriage off. After an unsuccessful attempt to insure the life of a young relative she disappeared, whether from fear of arrest or not is not known.

One of the most sensational careers in the history of life assurance, and perhaps the nearest approach on record to that of Holmes, the Philadelphia murderer, is furnished by Thomas Griffith Wainwright—better known to the reading public of seventy years ago as Janus Weathercock. His name was familiar to the readers of the *London Magazine*, in the pages of which it appeared side by side with Elia, Barry Cornwall, Hazlitt and others of equal note. "Kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock," as he was called by Lamb, was beloved by all. His work was distinguished by fluency, brilliancy and a consummate egotism that, far from prejudicing people against him, seemed to add to his popularity. He was prominent in the world of fashion, a *habitué* of the opera and a familiar figure in the parks, mixing at all times with the best of London society.

In 1825 he ceased to contribute to the magazine, and thenceforth a cloud seemed to hang over his career and strange things were said about him. It was said to be death to stand in his way—death to occupy the house with him—death to be near him. An uncle, from whom he expected to inherit a large fortune, died after a short illness, and in a few years the money was spent. In 1830 his wife and her step-sister, Helen Abercrombie, a beautiful young woman of twenty-one years, appeared upon the scene. They visited the various insurance offices, taking out policies on the young girl's life, and their appearance, unattended, in the business quarters of the city is said to have been the cause of much wonder. Policies aggregating eighteen thousand pounds were taken out on Helen's life, many of them for two years and none of them for more than three years, and if the companies had not become suspicious the amount would have been increased to thirty thousand pounds. During all these transactions Wainwright kept discreetly in the background.

About this time it was announced that Miss Abercrombie was going abroad. It was never ascertained whether or not there was a plot on foot between herself and her brother-in-law to spread a false report of her death and thus claim the insurance money, but if there was such a plot it was not carried out. Wainwright had a surer method of gaining his end. Before her departure she was taken suddenly ill, and a doctor being summoned, pronounced it a simple case and prescribed for her. She was ill for several days and died unexpectedly after partaking, it is said, of a powder not prescribed by the doctor. When Wainwright demanded payment on the policies he found that suspicion had been aroused and, a charge of forgery being preferred against him at this time, he fled to France.

In France he continued his queer practices. At Boulogne he lived with an English officer whose life he insured for five thousand pounds. The officer died mysteriously, and Wainwright collected the money. He then disappeared, and a short time afterward was arrested in Paris under an assumed name and imprisoned for six months for having a large quantity of strychnine in his possession. On his release he ventured to return to London, was recognized and arrested. As sufficient evidence of the murder of his sister-in-law could not be procured he was tried on the charge of forgery, and, on being convicted, was sentenced to penal servitude for life. His consummate vanity never forsook him, and when confined in Newgate he affected great contempt for his fellow-prisoners. While he was there his wife, as heir of her sister, commenced suit against the insurance companies, and Wainwright, thinking to ingratiate himself with the people he had attempted to swindle and thereby secure their intervention in his behalf, wrote to the companies making certain disclosures which invalidated his wife's claim and saved the companies a great deal of money. But instead of having the effect he anticipated, his disclosures so excited the horror of the directors that they at once communicated with the authorities and he was immediately placed in irons and hurried to the convict ship. Such was the end of "kind light-hearted Janus Weathercock."

With the gradual development of the methods of insurance the chances of fraud have decreased until now it is practically impossible to accomplish anything in this direction without detection. That frauds will be always attempted is a foregone conclusion, and has its proof in the cases cited at the beginning of this article; but the fact that even such clever scoundrels as Holmes and Hayward were eventually run down and convicted demonstrates how difficult it is now to practice this species of crime with impunity. The palmy days of insurance swindles are no more.

Miss French (Octave Thanet) thus explains how she got her nom de plume: "Octave was the name of a school friend. It is both French and Scotch. I thought if I could find another name to go with it that was both French and Scotch I would adopt that. I was riding on a train one time, when we stopped at a way station, and on the siding near where I sat was a freight car painted red. On one side was chalked the word 'Thanet.' What it meant, or how it got there, I have not the slightest idea, but I decided then and there to adopt it. Lots of people still think that Octave Thanet is a man."

It is said of Darwin that he used to go into the Zoological Gardens, and, standing by the glass case containing the cobra de capello, put his forehead against the glass while the cobra struck out at him. The glass was between them; Darwin's mind was perfectly convinced as to the inability of the snake to harm him; yet he would always dodge. Time after time he tried it, his will and reason keeping him there, his instinct making him dodge. The instinct was stronger than both will and reason.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

TWO PAYAS.

BY E. L. PERITARA.

"EL SENOR AMERICANO has been already too long away," anxiously said the Senora de Luna, Indian wife of the rubber gatherer, as she lifted from the glowing coals a pot of stewed monkey.

"He has lost the trail. White men are as babes, in the woods," replied her boy Luis, with the scorn of all men who do not know as much about the immense forest as he had learned in the sixteen years of his life.

"That is because they have so many things to know!" retorted his sister. "The senor knows more than any Paya does about the plants in our own woods, and of the bugs and butterflies, the snakes and the—the—everything."

"It is so," said her mother.

"Maybe the tiger or the lion has found him," said the girl, fearfully.

"No, not yet while the day is light," the mother replied. "When the woods are black in the night, then yes. It will be bad to be alone in the woods then. The tigers and the lions are many; and there are los antiguos."

That was true. There were many jaguars and pumas in that great Honduranian forest; and there were the ghosts of los antiguos, the people who fled to those dim fastnesses to escape from musket and lance, from sword and from fire of the Spanish conquerors, and had been hunted and torn by ferocious dogs urged by yet more ferocious white men. Why should not the spirits of the slaughtered multitudes haunt those black wilds, those shadowy valleys where are the ruins of many homes, where every hill has been wet by the sweat, the tears and the life-blood of the lost people. How can it be safe to be where swarm through the night the spirits of those who had such cause for bitter hatred of all who are tainted by a drop of the murderous blood of white men?

"I will carry his gun to him," said Luis, bravely.

"I go, too," Elena declared. "My eyes are good to see the way."

So they were. She had been much praised in her twelve years for her quickness in seeing trace of passage of man or of beast, and so had been made vain of her skill in following any trail keenest Indian eye could discover, and happy in constantly striving to excel all others in that art.

It was an hour before sunset when those two youngsters stood ankle-deep in the rivulet which covers the bottom of a mere crooked crack in a wall of basalt and lava which shuts in what was once a lake of boiling, fiery lava, and is now a grassy field on a mountain-top.

"Waree!" whispered the girl, motioning to her brother to be careful.

"Surely, I can smell them," he replied, impatiently.

The two crept to an angle of the wall that shut them from a view of the open field, and peeped around the corner. Without a word both turned and waded down the canyon to where broken columns of basalt showing through the sheets of smooth lava offered foothold and handhold to help them to the top. Ten minutes later they lay peering over the edge of the wall which overhung the grassy level that was fully twenty feet below.

Almost under the two young Indians was a drove of well-nigh a hundred of the big peccaries which Honduranos call warees. Some sprawled flat on their sides in the slanting sunshine, others squatted on their tailless rumps, some stalked about gravely. All were gaunt, long-legged, long nosed, their flat sides and thin backs covered by a thin coat of coarse brown hair and bristles.

The animals were quiet enough when the youngsters first looked down upon them. They were frantic with rage in less than half a minute, for Luis had hurled a sharp-edged piece of basalt, and it had struck fair on the ribs of one of the pigs which lay sprawled on the ground.

A loud "woof" instantly followed the blow, then screams of agony came as the beast vainly tried to rise to its feet. Its fellows gathered in a compact mass about it, and two heavy stones crashed down on the backs of the crowd. Then there were new screams of pain and fury. The unhurt warees charged up to the foot of the wall, and so were out of sight of the enemy. The snapping of their tusks and their barking grunts of rage showed plainly that they were striving to reach their foes.

Luis threw another stone and aroused new squeals from one of the wounded pigs. In an instant half a score of the brutes rushed from beneath the cliff to avenge the injury to one of their kind, and were battered by the stones which fell.

The two young savages were filled with joy. Knowing that they were safe from all attack by the warees, they gathered, with all their supple activity and strength, big blocks of rough scoria and of basalt that lay scattered about and threw them down on the raging peccaries. Both youngsters had gained much skill by long practice in throwing stones, and could have hit a mark much smaller and further away than any of those warees were.

The mob rushed under the cliff, and so were out of the reach of the missiles. Then a stone roused one of the crippled ones to fresh complaints, and the whole drove came tearing back, only to furnish new victims to the two Indians. It was great fun, and it was likely to last, for not one of the warees would leave its injured companions, unless it might be to attack with stupid ferocity some enemy.

"Hola! Hola arriba!" came in a shout from under the cliff.

"El Americano!" cried Elena.

"Hola, senor! How is it?" shouted Luis.

"All right, my friend. Only, these pigs have me treed up a rock. They have me in a hole, at least."

"Wait, senor; we'll drive the warees away," cried Elena.

"So you're there, are you, Chiquita mia? I'm glad of it, for I've something pretty here to show you as soon as we drive these pigs away."

"Bring a liana, Luis, while I stone these brutes!" Elena ordered.

Her brother caught up the machete and ran down the hill. In half an hour he brought four or five lianas, each as thin, as smooth and as strong as any whipcord, and some thirty feet long. He knotted the end of one of these around the barrel of the gun and lowered it over the edge of the wall.

"A yard more to the left," cried his friend from below.

The boy lay face down, on the very edge of the rock, but could see nothing of the man he was trying to help.

"Hold me, Elena," he said.

She promptly sat down on the boy's legs. Then he stretched out as far as he could, and began swinging the dangling gun to and fro. At last it was caught, and the end of the vine swung free a moment later.

"Good! Now it is my turn," shouted their friend.

A big boar dropped to a shot the next instant, and another and another followed until five lay with bullets through them. Then the firing stopped.

"Did you bring my cartridges?" he shouted.

The children looked at each other in dismay.

"No!" yelled the boy.

"But we can kill all the waree," cried Elena. "We will kill them with the stones."

They attacked the warees again, and disabled several before darkness came to stop the fun.

"We will make a fire. We must sleep here," said the girl.

"It is so. Get the wood. I make the fire," answered her brother.

The girl went hunting dry sticks, while the lad broke a dead limb from a yellow pine tree. With his machete he scraped a pinch of fuzzy fibres from its weatherbeaten outside, then split half a dozen splinters from its fat heart. Then he took from the pouch which his sister had brought a little black cocoanut shell prettily carved, its end stopped by a plug of wood. He opened this box and blew steadily into its black interior. In a minute a glow appeared in the downy stuff which filled the shell. He thrust into the bright spot the pinch of pine fibres, held between the tips of two or three of the splinters, and again he blew strongly into the box. A tiny blaze rose from the scrapings, and the rest was easy.

"Here she comes!" shouted the man from the base of the cliff.

Both youngsters ran to the edge of the rock. They saw a long, spotted form bounding across the grassy opening between the accacia bushes.

"Tigre! Tigre negro!" cried the boy.

"Yes; I have her young ones in this hole. She'll make it hot for these warees in a minute."

She did. Without hesitation she flew at the nearest pig, and with a blow hurled it twenty feet or more. She was instantly in the midst of a tremendous battle. Every peccary that could crawl charged on the jaguar. She drew back, snarling, her lips drawn, teeth shining, her eyes gleaming metallic green. Her little ears disappeared, her tail slowly swept the grass. One broad paw was raised, but when the foremost pig rushed forward that paw made a lightning stroke that crushed the brute's ribs as though they had been straws.

That enraged the others. On they came, their tusks snapping like castanets. They crowded on one another and screamed in mad haste to reach the enemy. She leaped lightly clear over the mob and struck the hindmost of the pigs as she lighted, and the blow crushed its back.

The whole drove turned and rushed at the tiger again. Again she brushed the foremost aside, as one might brush flies away. Once more she sailed over their backs. She landed on the backs of the rear ranks. There was a whirlwind of warees and jaguar and dead grass. Then she sprang clear once more.

It was clear that she had met warees in battle before, and was cunning in their ways. And it was equally clear that those brutes could not or would not see their danger. They cared nothing for their losses. They were insanely ferocious. Foam filled their champing jaws and dropped in great flecks from their mouths. They turned and flew at the tiger again, and again she cuffed the leaders right and left. Every one she hit fairly was at once out of the fight. She sprang over them again, and again turned on the last pigs in the mob.

To vent her fury she stayed an instant too long. A dozen peccaries were on her in a moment. They bit savagely. They tore at her with quick upward strokes of the gleaming tusks that cut like knives. They slashed her mottled sides and the thick forearms that had wrought such havoc. But her thin, sharp claws tore long and deep gashes wherever they touched, and under the blows of paws that could break the neck of any bull pig after pig sunk, to be instantly trampled by the sharp hoofs of its friends.

Suddenly the jaguar bounded away from the struggling mass. With the second leap she landed on a shelf of rock, and was safe beyond reach of the most active of the foes.

But she was almost within touch of the rifle which was aimed from behind a fragment of rock at her flaming eyes.

"See here, old lady, you've done well with the pigs, and I guess you've had about enough," murmured the man behind the gun. "You go and take care of your kittens in there, and I'll let you alone."

It is not easy to say whether or not she would have done that if she had been left to decide for herself; for she was in a great rage. But before she had time to even jump at the new intruder on her home three or four blazing brands fell on the dead grass between her and the warees. The grass blazed up, and in an instant she was far back in the deep recess in the broken rocks where her kittens were crouching.

When the hunter of bugs turned to look at the peccaries there was not a sound one in sight. All that could go were tearing away over the level, every pig giving a barking grunt with each jump. Not one would come back. Not one would stop before putting miles between himself and that blazing grass. Stupid as they were they knew that no pig could withstand fire. The mere smell of smoke terrified the bravest of them, as it frightens most wild animals.

There was a gay laugh from the two at the top of the rocks, when the warees ran away. A shower of burning brands tumbled down and were at once collected by the naturalist. He had a fire blazing brightly in a minute.

"Come on down," he shouted to the youngsters.

"Yes, we know a way. We come now."

Torches of pine splinters lighted the way so well that the couple managed to scramble to the bottom of the canyon without breaking their necks. Half an hour afterward the three were broiling choice bits cut from a waree, over a fire at safe distance from the lair of the jaguar.

"I was hungry this afternoon, and so shot a waree with my pistol," said the white man, in explanation of his predicament. "I thought that he was alone; but when he squealed the others came running."

"No waree is ever alone," remarked Luis, gravely.

"No, I suppose you are quite right about that. Well, I thought I was lucky when I saw that ledge so near me; but I thought I wasn't so very lucky after all, when I found myself at the door of a tiger's home, with two kittens in it and the mother away. I knew that the old one would come back soon, and that if she got past the warees she'd make it warm for me. If she didn't pass them, of course I couldn't; so I seemed to be in for a bad night of it, whichever way matters went. The pigs were my defenders as well as enemies; but the jaguar might come and prove to be a helper instead of a foe. It was mixed. The first stone you pitched down on the pig delighted me a great deal more than it did him; but I was more pleased when you swung my rifle to me. How came you to bring it?"

"Luis wouldn't touch it, for a long time," cried his sister, eager to clear him from all possible blame. "But I would have brought it if he hadn't. I wouldn't be afraid to touch your things if there was need," she declared, defiantly.

"Quite right, Chiquita mia. If you see that a thing is right, do it, even if Payas tell you it is wrong. Sometimes it is right to do a thing which would be wrong at other times. I feel just now that it would be wrong to kill that tiger and capture her kittens. She was on our side in the fight with the warees."

"In the morning it will be good to shoot her, and to put her little babies in a bag," said the girl, wisely. "The tigers kill many deer and monkeys and birds, and leave the little ones to cry much, and die. I hate the tigers!"

"Well, we'll see in the morning."

They did see. When they went early the next morning and peeped cautiously into the cave they found a partly eaten waree, plenty of bones of other animals, and no tiger, big or little. The family had moved. Those baby jaguars were nearly half grown before the Paya boy and his white friend found them.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

THE critics speak praisefully and tenderly of the late Robert Louis Stevenson's book of verses for the little ones. T. P. O'Connor, in a late number of the London *Star*, well observes that a tender interest hallows the dead novelist's work. "Frequently," says Mr. O'Connor, "we find ourselves turning from the quaintness, simplicity, *naïveté* of these trifles, to wonder at the gentleness and the sweetness of the man who set himself thus to be the laureate of little children. He has deserved well of the gracious little souls for his wee and winning revealings of their enchanted kingdom. Their wonders, playthings, quaint imaginings; the adventures they plan, the dreams they dream, their droll 'philosophy' of life—all these he has helped to tell."

Let us give two extracts from "A Child's Garden of Verses," as follows:

KEEPSAKE MILL.

Over the borders, a sin without pardon,
Breaking the branches and crawling below,
Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,
Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
Here is the sluice with the race running under,
Marvelous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
Stiller the note of the birds on the hill;
Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
Wheels as it wheels for us, children, to-day,
Wheels and keeps roaring and foaming forever,
Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean,
Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home;
Still we shall find the old mill-wheel in motion,
Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we quarreled,
I with your marble of Saturday last,
Honored and old and all gayly apparelled,
Here we shall meet and remember the past.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PIRATE STORY.

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure to-day that we're afloat,
Wary of the weather, and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-roaring on the sea,
Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!
Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as mad can be,
The wicket is the harbor, and the garden is the shore.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

TRAVELING IN RUSSIA.—AN

A.—AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

BOSTON LITTERATEURS.

BY LIDA A. CHURCHILL.

II.

ONE day in a particularly benignant mood, Fate, for her own glory and the delight of the world, created with artistic modeling and poetic fashioning, a soul which in its earthly environment came to be known as Louise Imogen Guiney.

Not long since a person who was soliciting for a certain thing declared that although she had received many favorable responses, the pleasantest reply of all was Miss Guiney's refusal—a statement which one who has ever received a communication from Miss Guiney can readily believe.

The red blood of the old Irish nobility courses warmly through the veins of this young woman, to whom discourtesy is sin and haughtiness unwomanly. Her father, General P. R. Guiney, a prominent Boston lawyer, was among those who in the early days of our nation's civil stress and struggle left his home to lead a regiment—the Massachusetts Ninth—into the burning heart of the South.

Louise—or, as those who know her best love to call her, "Lulu"—began early to display the poet's gift, and rhymed through all her childhood and young maidenhood as naturally as the rosebud opens or the river flows. Although Miss Guiney has written brilliant essays and other prose papers, she is essentially the poet, and as a poet will live in the history of literature. Her beginning was strong. Her "Songs at the Start," published in 1884, show few weak places, and her strength has constantly increased with her increasing work until in her latest poems, published under the title of "The White Sail," one recognizes the unswervingly strong grasp, the hold which nowhere becomes uncertain, as well as the uniformly artistic style which, having been forming through all the author's earlier works, has at last taken on the ultimate polish of experience.

Where is the lover of poetry who will not be caught up into a heaven of rapture by these lines, so daintily strong, so pungently sweet, so subtly sorrowful, from the opening lines of "Alexandriana"?

> "I laid the strewings, sweetest, on thine urn;
> I lowered the torch, I poured the cup to Dis.
> Now hushaby, my little child, and learn
> Long sleep, how good it is.
>
> "In vain thy mother prays, wayfaring hence,
> Peace to her heart, where only heartaches dwell;
> But thou more blest, O wild intelligence!
> Forget her, and Farewell."

Miss Guiney lives in the pleasant suburb of Auburndale, where, since her father's death, she has made a delightful home for her mother. In the beginning of 1894 she was given charge of the post-office in her home-town, and is now often spoken of as "the poet-postmistress of Auburndale."

Miss Guiney is not often seen in society, although her presence is everywhere courted and coveted. She is a keen but always kind observer, and her conversation kindles with logic and wit as the firmament kindles with stars. To a charming personality she adds a manner warm with cordiality and dignified by refinement. In the high and lowly places of earth alike Miss Guiney is a universal favorite.

Another writer who has wrought enchantingly in prose, as her "Rambling Notes of a Trip to the Pacific" and other papers show, but whose productions in this style are overshadowed by her poetry, and who will live and be known as the singer of songs, is Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, the wife of Dr. J. G. Blake, a prominent Boston physician, whose home is in the beautiful suburb of Roxbury, not far from the residence of Dr. Hale. Her "Youth in Twelve Centuries," exquisitely illustrated by F. Childe Hassame, shows a power for finely delicate delineation, an intuitive understanding of young hearts of all ages of the world, and a poetic transcription rare as it is delightful. The muse of Mrs. Blake is like the kingbird, golden-crowned and breasted, but with sombre wings. Her song is that of the meadow bobolink and the marsh whippoorwill combined. The first notes rise high, and trill themselves out joyously and pungently, but the sensitive heart of the singer feels the inevitable under-sadness of the dreamer who can never wholly share his dreams, and must in the silent and sacred places of his being stand alone, and the high chords lower to gentler strains, and the gentleness becomes a sadness which is sweeter, if less exhilarating, than the carol of joy. This is perhaps nowhere more plainly shown than in the little poem which in a last year's number of *Scribner's* appeared under the title of "In April":

> "In the windy April
> Spent is winter's pain
> Cheery, piping Robin
> Struts the fields again;
> Ears are glad for hearing,
> Eyes are glad for sight
> Of all the bonny green things
> Climbing to the light;
> Gay day is gray day,
> Rainy day or dry;
> Still my heart is lonesome—
> Who knows why?
>
> "In the windy April
> Dear is Hope's unrest,
> Throbbing in the frozen ground,
> In the frozen breast.
> Clouds fair as sunshine
> Flash and fade away;
> Silver is the night-time,
> Golden is the day;
> Best time and blest time
> Of the year is nigh,
> Still my heart is lonesome—
> God knows why!"

Mrs. Blake has a wonderfully pleasing and winning personality, and a large circle of friends and admirers arise and call her blessed.

One of the wittiest and most agreeable men in Boston is James Jeffrey Roche, who succeeded John Boyle O'Reilly as editor of the *Pilot* as well as in the presidency of the Papyrus Club, a society which has included, and includes, a host of Boston's most brilliant professional men, among them many distinguished artists, journalists and poets.

In his poems Mr. Roche shows a rich vein of thought and high feeling, and in his life of John Boyle O'Reilly has proved himself the interesting biographer as well as the true friend.

A writer who by the clearness of her imaginative perceptions and the beauty of her phrasing is winning a sure abiding-place in literary courts, is Miss Alice Brown, one of Boston's young and promising poets, and the author of "Meadow Grass," which has recently been published, and gained an instant popularity.

A young man who may hope one day to wear the leaves of bay is James Bucknam, whose poems are seen in the *Independent*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other first-class publications. Mr. Bucknam is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, and has taken a course of study at Andover. By education and natural endowments he is amply prepared to make his way in literature.

A writer who has become well known through her short stories, which are sought by publishers of the *Century* and other high-grade magazines, is Mrs. Anna Eichberg King, author of the tales collected under the title "Brown's Retreat, and Other Stories."

In her writings Mrs. King shows an originality of thought, a freshness of conception, and a certain unique mode of developing her plots which give her an assured place among the best short story writers of the day.

Mrs. King is the daughter of the late Julius Eichberg, the noted composer, who for a long time before his death held the position of professor at the Boston Conservatory of Music. She married Tyler Bacheller King.

Mrs. King is loved as the friend even more than admired as the author, and her home on Marlboro Street is a favorite halting-place for those who love to pause for a little to gather fresh heart-courage, and take a new hold on life in the restfully magnetic atmosphere of one who never forgets that nobility of heart is the first essential of true greatness, and kindness a thing more priceless than fame.—(See page 5.)

DR. MARGARET RAND'S FIRST CASE.

BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

"WELL, I do think, Margaret Rand, that you might have a little consideration for your mother and for me. It's bad enough to bear up under your studying to be a doctor, but when, in addition to that, you spend your vacation going off to a White Mountain hotel to work as a chambermaid, it is a little too much. If you will study medicine, why can't you at least settle down and spend your vacations genteelly at home?"

Mrs. Rand came into the room just in season to hear the last sentence which Jeannette, her elder daughter, uttered. She was a widow, and these two daughters were her only children. Her husband had died when the girls were young, and left her with barely enough property to live on comfortably in the small country town which had always been their home. Mrs. Rand had always been a little too much inclined to defer to a consideration of "what people will say," influenced in this perhaps by the fact that she had an older sister who had married a wealthy manufacturer and lived in considerable style, in New York. Jeannette, her elder daughter, had always sympathized with her heartily in this respect.

Not so with Margaret. She had inherited her father's ways and disposition, and from childhood she had always been saying and doing things which had shocked her mother and sister. When she attained her majority, and acquired control of the small property which was her share, she outdid all her previous efforts in this line, however, by deciding to study medicine, investing in this way quite all her available capital.

Remonstrance had been useless. It usually had been with Margaret. The intercession of Aunt Maria, who had a well-bred disapproval of "women doctors," was invoked; but even this did no good, and Margaret had just finished her first year at a medical school.

Mrs. Rand, who felt that her younger daughter was quite beyond her, was always prepared for anything which she might do; and now, hearing Jeannette's last words, asked resignedly, as she settled into an easy rocking-chair: "What has Margaret done now?"

"Done!" almost shrieked Jeannette. "It's what she is going to do! She's going to the Crawford House to work as a chambermaid!"

"Why, Margaret!" exclaimed her mother. "Do you think that this is wise? What will people say? What will your Aunt Maria say? Do you suppose that it is proper for you to go there and do such work as that, among the people you will meet there?"

"What a lot of questions, mamma dear," said Margaret. "In the first place, such a position as that is perfectly correct, and easy to work in. Two of the girls at the college have been there for the last two summers. They are among the very nicest girls in the whole school, but like myself, they have not very much money, and they are glad to go where they can have an absolute change and still, instead of having extra expense, be earning a little something. They like the work and the place there ever so much, and they said that if I would go with them, this year, that they would get me a place. I told them I would, and I have just received a letter from them saying that we are to go next Monday morning. I thought I wouldn't say anything to you about it until I knew for sure that I was going. I thought you would think it so nice for me." Margaret sighed, too. Sometimes it was as hard for her to understand her mother and sister as it was for them to understand her. "So far as Aunt Maria is concerned, she gave me over for a hopeless case, when I decided to study medicine. I don't think that any one else will care, and I don't know as it makes any difference if they do."

"I know," wailed Jeannette, "but Aunt Maria was going to the Mountains this year herself, and she had promised to take me. It's the only chance I ever shall have to go there, and I don't believe she'll go a step if she knows you're there at work, in that way."

"She needn't know it, then," said Margaret, "unless you tell her. As you know, we do not correspond"—here she made a little grimace, as she remembered some of the last letters which had passed between them—"and I shall be gone long before she comes here for you. Quite likely she will not come to the Crawford House at all; and if she does, it is not at all probable that she would happen to see me, as I do not expect to grace the piazzas and the parlors there with my presence. Anyway, I'm going, for I need the money; the mountain air will do me good, and besides all that I expect to have a good time."

And have a good time she did. The Crawford House, as every one knows who has been there, is beautifully situated, and the class of young people who go there to work, many of them, like Margaret, students or teachers who need a vacation and still wish to earn something, is so pleasant that they had a very congenial society among themselves, while the air was just as bracing, the lake as beautiful and the mountains as majestic, for them, as for the guests who were paying a liberal price to stay there.

Margaret's letters home were full of the pleasure of this new life. Those which she received from Jeannette were mostly filled with the expressions of her fear lest Mrs. Aborn, their aunt, should learn where Margaret was, and plans as to how she could best be prevented from doing so.

One afternoon in midsummer, as the piazza of the hotel was thronged with guests, a man dashed up on a bicycle, and throwing himself from his wheel, inquired if there was a doctor in the house. There had been a horrible accident in the Notch, to which help must be sent at once. He had been leisurely trundling his wheel up the long hill which leads from the Willey House to the Notch when a carriage containing two ladies had passed him. While it was still in sight a rock had fallen from the side of the mountain, and frightened the horses so that they had sprung from the road and overturned the carriage into the ravine below. The coachman he was afraid was killed, and one woman was badly injured. The other, though bruised, was able to get about, and was caring for them while he had hurried on for help.

The house was in confusion at once. Two large wagons were quickly made ready at the stables to carry such help as was possible. There was no doctor in the house, and the nearest one available was at Littleton, more than twenty miles distant. All that could be done was to telephone him to come on the earliest possible train.

In the midst of the discussion which all this excited a lady exclaimed: "Why, there's a young woman in the house here—one of the chambermaids—who is as good as a doctor. In fact she is studying to be a doctor. It does seem funny, don't it?" this last in deference to an interjection from some one standing near. "My Freddie cut his wrist—oh, just awfully—one day, and I thought sure he'd bleed to death, when one of the girls ran and fetched her and she stopped the blood, and sewed up the wound and plastered it just as well as a man could have done."

The result of which was that when the relief party started Margaret went with them, carrying such surgical and medical aid as her limited store afforded.

Imagine her astonishment, when they reached the scene of the accident, to find her sister Jeannette, with swollen and bloodstained face, supporting her aunt's apparently lifeless form. The coachman, it seemed, had merely been knocked senseless, and was already somewhat recovered; but Mrs. Aborn, in addition to being stunned, had also other serious injuries. One arm was certainly broken, and so badly lacerated that the blood had continued to flow from a broken artery in spite of all Jeannette's rather unskillful attempts to stop it. How serious the result of this might be the pale face of the unconscious woman already showed.

When Jeannette, who for her had really borne up bravely, saw Margaret's face among those coming to her help, she gasped: "Oh, Margaret, help her!" and sank fainting to the ground. It was no time for explanations. Margaret simply said: "They are my sister and aunt," and sent some of the men to care for the coachman and to revive Jeannette, while she gave her own attention to the older and more dangerously injured woman.

It was a situation which would have been serious for an old practitioner, and that a young woman with only one year's experience in a medical school could acquit herself as well as Margaret did spoke well for her future efficiency. All she could do was to stop the flow of blood, apply a light dressing to the injured arm, and administer such remedies as she had with her. By the time this was done Jeannette and the driver had been restored to consciousness, and preparations had been made to return to the hotel, where it seemed best to remove Mrs. Aborn at once, so that she might be there upon the arrival of the doctor from Littleton.

Under Margaret's directions this was accomplished with apparently no harmful results, although the patient was still unconscious and deadly pale. At the hotel Margaret continued doing everything which her skill suggested and her resources allowed. At half-past four Dr. Hartshorn arrived from Littleton on the Boston express. On his way up from the station he gained such information in regard to the case as he could from the clerk of the hotel, who had gone down to meet him.

"Been taken care of by a young woman doctor who is a chambermaid here? Um!"

"She seems real handy, too, doctor."

"Yes. Um!" Dr. Hartshorn had about the same opinion of young women doctors that most country practitioners have.

Professionally, though, he was an able man, and when, after five minutes' examination of his patient, he had asked, "Did you do this? And that?" and Margaret had answered, "Yes," he said slowly, "Um! Yes, I see;" but he pronounced the interjection with an inflection which made it have a very different meaning from what it did as he spoke it before he went into the house.

Moreover, he was an honest man; and when, that

evening, after he had done everything which could be done for Mrs. Aborn, and was going back to Littleton to see some patients there whom he could not leave, he turned to Margaret, before he left the room, and said:

"I will leave the patient in your hands now, until I can come again to-morrow. I think she will recover, and if she does you can tell her that, in my opinion, it was only your being promptly on the spot, and your knowledge of what should be done, which saved her life."

In fact he did more than that, for he himself told Mrs. Aborn, who did get well, that this was his opinion of the case.

Of course there were very many explanations to be made by both Margaret and Jeannette, but in the long period required for their aunt's convalescence there was plenty of time for that. Margaret came to be looked upon as so much of a heroine by the guests in the house that Jeannette quite shone in a reflected light, as her sister.

As for Mrs. Aborn, whatever prejudices she might have had against young women doctors, vanished in the light of such an experience as this; and when, after several weeks spent at the Crawford House, she went on, she carried Margaret along, declaring that hereafter she should always take a doctor with her as a provision in case of another accident.

THE STEEL TRACKS OF ENGLAND.

BY JOHN PENDLETON, AUTHOR OF "OUR RAILWAYS."

EIGHT miles from Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's English seat so well known to American travelers, is another house less pretentious, but in its way more interesting. It is a square, red-brick mansion, mellowed by time's touch and the wind's caress, and stands in an old-fashioned garden, surrounded by parkland. Longfellow would have been charmed with the site and the quietude of this roomy home, years ago christened Tapton House. It overlooks the ancient town of Chesterfield to the southwest, and is protected by the ridge that hides Bolsover Castle to the east. Within this old mansion George Stephenson passed the closing years of his busy life, a courteous country gentleman; and he was buried in Trinity Church on the slope across the valley.

Though a native of Chesterfield, I never saw the "Father of the English railway system." There was, as Mark Twain would have said, some excuse for this apparent indifference to a great man. George Stephenson died before I was born. But I knew Mrs. Rose, George Stephenson's niece, who lived for some time at Tapton House, and after her marriage was occasionally a visitor at my own home. Perhaps it was from this handsome, rosy cheeked lady, that I caught my interest in railways. Anyhow, sitting by the fireside, she told me a great deal about George Stephenson, dwelling with commendable hero-worship on his engineering skill, ambition, struggling and success. She was so fond of railways that she actually married an engine-driver herself; and in her maidenhood, when she resided at Newcastle, she watched the noted engine, the "Rocket," fashioned by the mechanics and witnessed its trial run before it was sent to compete in 1829 with other locomotives on the Rainhill track.

At this time the highwayman had been practically effaced by the power of the law; but stage coaches still met with humorous or dramatic incident. Travelers through Lancashire were warned "to avoid the roads as they would the Devil, for a thousand to one they would break their necks or their limbs by overthrow or break-down."

How the trade of the country throve was a mystery. The people, judged by the modern fret and fever of endeavor and swift locomotion, were living in sloth. The express engine, the telegraph, the telephone and the electric light were in embryo. The means of communication and of transit were of a most primitive character. The pack-horse, the carrier's cart, the coach, and the team and wagon were the chief conveyances. Even in 1836, seven years after the "Rocket" had won its laurels with a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour, and been placed on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, the old methods of progress obtained in many districts.

In that year there was a great revival of American trade. English houses received large orders, and so very great was the demand that the Sheffield manufacturers were obliged to requisition the farmers of North Derbyshire to provide horses, wagons and teamsters to convey the steel along the coach-road over the moors from the Yorkshire city to Liverpool for shipment.

The first attempts at the construction of locomotive engines were conspicuous not only for dogged work but for entertaining incident. One "puffing billy" tried by George Stephenson on the Killingworth line was very erratic. Like the ass that entered Betsy Trotwood's garden, in Charles Dickens's novel "David Copperfield," it was stupid, and stood still in strange places. James Stephenson (George's brother), endeavoring in vain to run it round a curve, was obliged to get female help, shouting to his wife, in Northumbrian patois: "Hey, Jean, come oot, an' gie us a shove roond th' turn!" Braithwaite's engine "Novelty," and Hackworth's locomotive "Sanspareil," were peculiar in a different fashion. They were as skittish as buck-jumpers. One kicked till it burst its bellows. The other, giving many startling blasts from its tall chimney, blew burning coke high into the air, and collapsed; but later mended its ways, and did useful work.

Not only was there initial trouble with engines, but in acquiring land for railways. Surveyors were threatened by landowners with duckings in horseponds. They had to measure by stealth; and invariably, when they were surprised in the midst of their surveying, were assaulted, and even menaced with firearms. Then it was asserted that steam traction was impossible; or if possible, that it would bring calamity—"that horses would take fright and that cows would refuse to give milk" in their terror at the shrieking machines. Tunnels, too, were anticipated with awe. It was contended that asphyxia from poisonous vapors, hideous accidents in impenetrable darkness, and violent deaths would be inevitable in these underground ways.

But the need of better locomotion was imperative. The spirit of invention was thoroughly aroused. The pioneers of the new mode of travel persisted in their mad projects.

The Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened in 1825. The Manchester and Liverpool Railway, carried over the morass of Chat Moss, was opened in 1830. On the latter line, Fanny Kemble, the famous actress, traveled, riding on the footplate of the engine with George Stephenson as the trusty driver, and she wrote: "You cannot imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus without any visible cause of progress, other than the magical machine with flying white breath." The pace had now reached thirty-five miles an hour; but on the little line near the track made from Widnes to Runcorn Gap the rate was more leisurely. Passengers behind time were handed slips of paper which did duty as tickets, and were advised by the station master in this homely way: "Now then! hurry a bit. The train's not long started, and if you look sharp you'll catch her up."

Out of these small beginnings sprang the five great English railways—the London and Northwestern, the Great Western, the Midland, the Great Northern, and the Northeastern. To-day the London and Northwestern has a capital of one hundred and twenty million pounds, it owns nearly two thousand miles of line, and it carries seventy million passengers a year. It conveys the mails north and west, and runs the "Wild Irishman," one of the fastest trains in the country. It does an enormous goods traffic, and at its Manchester depot alone handles two thousand tons of merchandise nightly. Yet the company was amalgamated only as recently as 1846, when the Grand Junction Railway, the London and Birmingham, and the Manchester and Birmingham tracks were merged in one holding. Richard Moon, now knighted, has had perhaps the largest share in the development of the undertaking. The trains are not always punctual, though during the past autumn they broke the speed record from Euston to Scotland; but Richard Moon is always punctual. With him punctuality is a religion. During the thirty years' reign as chairman of the company he reminded many persons of his creed. To the head of a department who was a few minutes behind time he said: "Good-morning, sir. The Northwestern hours are from nine till five." To a newly appointed director who arrived after the appointed hour at the board meeting, with the apology "I'm afraid I'm a few minutes late," he curtly replied: "It's a very bad habit, sir." He detested divided attention, too, in railway work. A director, who glanced at a newspaper while the business of the board was being transacted was sarcastically rebuked for his fault in this respect: "It is not the custom," severely remarked Richard Moon, "to read newspapers at these board meetings. John" (turning to the commissionaire), "take away Mr. Script's newspaper"—and John did as he was told.

The Great Western Railway, which has a capital of nearly eighty-five million pounds, owns two thousand five hundred miles of line, and carries sixty million passengers a year; was opened from London to Bristol as a broad-gauge track in 1841. It early gained the title of "the gentleman's line," because of the more luxurious fittings of its coaches, and the preponderance of its first-class passengers. Though England was supposed to be a free country half a century ago, social distinctions were very pronounced in traveling. For instance, a Parliamentary train, filled with humble but not meek third-class passengers, was shunted at Darlington to clear the line for the first-class and mail train. The passengers, weary with long waiting, became indignant; but the porter contemptuously remarked: "You must bide till your betters go past; yours is only the nigger train!" The third-class passenger, in the low-sided, unroofed wagon in which he journeyed, did not find a railway trip altogether pleasant, especially in stormy weather, for he was buffeted by al the winds of heaven, and pelted by snow and sleet, and abused by irate officials into the bargain. The first-class passengers were not overdone with comfort. The coaches in which they sat strained and rattled ominously, and sometimes they indulged in whimsical jerks that threatened to fling not only the luggage but the guard, in scarlet coat, off the roof; for it must be explained that in these early English trains the baggage was piled on the tops of the roofed carriages, and the guard sat aloft, at the back, pretty much after the fashion of the guard on a stage coach. The patricians, however, cared little either for third-class or first-class coaches as then appointed. They preferred, while taking advantage of steam locomotion, to travel in their own way; and on the Great Western many of the artistocracy journeyed in their private carriages, which were hoisted and spragged securely on trucks suitable for the purpose.

It is significant that the enormous expansion of the English railway system has been spanned by one human life. The Queen of England has seen the network of iron, and then of steel rails, extend from Stockton to London, and almost to every part of the Kingdom, however remote. She has seen the railway become the messenger of the State, the shrewd user of capital, the servant of trade, the promoter of industry, and the provider of new sources of recreation. Yet her Majesty had been on the throne five years before she traveled by train. The Queen Dowager and the Prince Consort had had some experience of railway travel; but the latter did not place implicit faith in the new style of progress, for on one of his journeys from Windsor he said to the driver: "Not quite so fast, if you please." It was not till June, 1842, that the Queen took her first railway journey. She traveled on the Great Western, with Dan Gooch, afterward Sir Daniel Gooch, as the controller of the train. There is no record of her fear or anxiety at the new mode of travel. On the other hand, she was pleased with it, and during her long sway has been an indefatigable railway traveler, not only in England and Scotland, but abroad. Indeed she takes a keen interest in railway development, and in every invention for the additional safety of journeying. She shows quick sympathy in every calamity, and particularly in railway disaster; and in 1864 sent a letter to the chairmen of the various railway companies regretting the numerous accidents and loss of life, and urging them to take every means of guarding against these misfortunes. She expressed the hope, in fact, that the same security of travel might be insured to her people as that so carefully provided for herself.

During the past quarter of a century much has been done in the direction of improved permanent way, scientific signaling, the introduction of the block system, and the strengthening of rolling stock, to make railway journeying safer; but it would be scarcely possible in a country throbbing with toil and business life to grant to the ordinary traveler the precautions taken when the Queen travels. Her journeys from Windsor to Balmoral are chiefly over the London and Northwestern track. The day saloon and sleeping coach she occupies, so far as appointment is concerned, are not traveling palaces. An American millionaire would probably turn up his nose at the furnishing. But though the Royal train gives little indication of the wealth of Midas, it is safeguarded to the utmost scope of human forethought and ingenuity. It is as sound as good work can make it from head-light to tail-light. It is preceded by a pilot engine; and it is driven by the most skillful hands on the line. Plate-layers watch the whole length of the track, every crossing is guarded, and the daily working arrangements of the traffic are suspended till the Queen's train has gone through. Her Majesty has taken no fewer than one hundred journeys, without mishap, on this route; and recently presented a chiming clock to George Potter Neale, the then superintendent of the track "in recognition of the care and attention he had given to her comfort and safety when traveling during a period of thirty years."

The company that stands out conspicuously as a pioneer of railway extension and increased comfort of travel is the Midland. It has a capital of over one hundred million pounds, nearly one thousand five hundred miles of line, and carries forty million passengers. Its mineral and goods traffic is also enormous; it is the chief coal-conveying track in the country, and handles twenty million tons of coal and iron annually. George Hudson, the "Railway King," though he was the centre figure of wild speculation and piteous ruin, did one good thing before he sank into obscurity. He amalgamated the Midland Railway Company out of a crowd of lines that grouped in Leicestershire, Derbyshire and Yorkshire. It struggled for years against an adverse fate, and ultimately came out of the hurly-burly strong, fearless, and experienced in the fine art of anticipating the public want. Its earliest opponent was the Great Northern. The proposal to make a track almost parallel with the Midland filled the shareholders of the latter property with dismay; but the track was built, and the rivalry keen. Now the Great Northern has a capital of forty million pounds, nearly one thousand miles of line, and gets a very substantial share of both passenger and goods traffic; but when it began business, so bitter was the feeling between the two competing companies, that the Midland captured one of the Great Northern engines, and in the year of the Great Exhibition in 1852 the rivals took excursionists from Yorkshire to London and back again for five shillings a head. The traffic strife did neither company permanent harm. The Midland takes only second place as the greatest railway carrier in the land. The Great Northern has made its east coast route noted for fast travel, and runs the "Flying Scotsman."

But after all, the Midland, which is in touch with a great deal of American traffic, has made the most concessions to the English people. James Allport, for years its general manager, was knighted chiefly because of his kindly consideration of the masses. He was styled the "Bismarck of railway politics." He was a Bismarck in the protection of the system he controlled; but he was not a despot. He sought the happiness of the folk among whom he lived. He made railway travel cheaper and easier. He introduced third-class coaches on all Midland trains. In 1874 he opened the eyes of English railway passengers to the luxurious style of American railway travel by placing Pullman cars on Midland trains, and in 1875 he abolished the second-class carriages, made the third-class carriages additionally comfortable, and eased the first-class fares.

Nearly every railway company in England has, with more or less tardiness, followed the reforming example of the Midland. The Northeastern clings to some of the evils of its own monopoly; but the Great Eastern carries its poorer passengers long distances at cheap fares and caters with luxury for continental travelers. The London and Southwestern has revealed extraordinary vitality and enterprise, reviving the maritime importance of Southampton, and working with zest and splendor in association with the American line of steamers that now ply from that port to New York. It is now possible to breakfast, dine and sleep in English expresses, and the richly appointed corridor train and the club saloon are among the latest developments of railway travel in the old country. America, with the recent run of the Lake Shore train from Chicago to Buffalo Creek at the pace of seventy miles an hour, claims to hold the speed record. Perhaps it would be more discreet to say that at present the honors are divided, for the structure and economy of the locomotive are not yet at their highest, and no railway engineer would admit that the limit of speed has yet been reached. In the meantime it is instructive to carry the mind over the bridge of time to the beginning of this century, and to realize what amazing benefits not only England but America, and the rest of the world, have derived from the inventive skill and the energy of George Stephenson. The electric railway may possibly supersede the motive power he curbed and utilized; but to-day, as Professor Thurston says, the steam-engine runs "a mist giant, a genius of more than Aladdin-like power, the maker and guardian of modern life."

ACCORDING to *Cassell's* there is a great diversity of taste among the crowned heads of Europe as to the pleasantest method of puffing tobacco. The Emperor William prefers a pipe, generally a meerschaum; the Prince of Wales enjoys cigars and cigarettes, and when he uses a pipe chooses a briarwood; the young King of Spain is already old enough to roll his own cigarettes; the Czar of Russia, who is a great smoker, prefers a huge pipe.

A LOVE SONG.

MARRIED OR SINGLE?

BY

B. M. CROKER

Author of "Diana Barrington," "A Family Likeness," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1895, by Peter Fenelon Collier, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington

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CHAPTER VII

A TELEGRAM FOR MISS WEST

The very morning after Madeline had dispatched her letter, a telegram was handed in for Miss West, 2, Solferino Place. The landlady herself mounted, breathless, to the attics, with the tan-colored envelope in her hand.

"I was just for sending it away, Mrs. Wynne," she gasped, surveying her with an inquiring eye; "but it came into my mind as I'd show it to you on the chance."

"Thank you; it is for me," rejoined her lodger, hastily tearing it open and running her eyes over it. As she read, she became crimson with amazement and agitation. "Come at once—to-day if possible. News of your father.—From Mrs. Harper, Streambridge," was the message.

"But it's for Miss West, and you've gone and opened it!" exclaimed the landlady, suspiciously. "How is that, eh? I never would have supposed—no, never," folding her arms belligerently, "as you wasn't on the square; and as I've allus kep' a respectable 'ouse, I couldn't think—"

"You need *not* think, Mrs. Kane; you need not alarm yourself about the matter, it is all quite right. I *am* Mrs. Wynne, but I was Miss West once upon a time. The sender of the message does not know that I am married," interrupted Madeline, speaking with studied composure—though her heart was beating fearfully fast.

Insolent as Mrs. Kane was, she dared not quarrel with her. Her roof covered them on sufferance. Were she to thrust them forth, where were they to go? They were entirely at her mercy, for they owed her money; and latterly she had been inclined to take out a large amount of interest in rude insolence, bitting gibes, and unpleasant hints with regard to "paupers a coming and settling down on poor, honest, hard-working people—paupers as could afford dress, and theaters, and pianos once, and saved nothing for a rainy day!"

Paupers—impecunious people like the Wynnes, especially Mrs. Wynne, who bore the brunt of these encounters—could not afford to stand on their dignity, and be independent and "move on." They must submit humbly; but it was insufferably galling—as galling to Madeline as Miss Selina's yoke, that had pressed upon her so sorely but one little year ago.

Who but herself knew with what deprecating eyes and voice she had pleaded with her impatient landlady for a little time, how humbly she ventured to ask for coals, how stealthily she crept up and down stairs, carrying baby, and doing her own miserable errands, making her presence as unobtrusive as possible, for fear of offending her hostess's threatening eyes.

The hostess's threatening eyes were fixed upon her now, with a look that was an insult, as she listened to her hurried explanation with a down-drawn lip.

"Oh, well, I suppose, as I know no *better*, I must believe you," and with a noisy sniff that intimated quite the reverse, Mrs. Kane glared once round their squalid sitting-room, to see if

anything were broken or missing, or the valuable property damaged in any way; and, failing to discover the smallest pretext for complaint, passed out of the apartment with a heavy and aggressive strut, and banged the door behind her.

Madeline lost not a second in rushing to the invalid with the great news, and placing the slip of pink paper in his hand.

"There is something at last! I feel that a change is coming; these terrible days cannot—cannot go on forever. I believe my father is alive, and coming home! What do you think, Laurence?" she asked, and her voice trembled.

Laurence, still holding the telegram in his thin, transparent hand, gazed at his wife for some seconds in silence. How changed she was, he thought, with a pang of self-reproach. She was shabby—very genteelly shabby. Her black dress was all mended and pieced, her face was haggard, her eyes sunken, their look eager, anxious, almost desperate.

An intelligent spectator would have declared that she was obviously half-starved, and so she was. But how furiously she would have disclaimed such a pronouncement. She would rather have died than have admitted that truth. As long as Laurence had meat once a day, as long as baby had milk, she did very well on anything, and anything may mean almost nothing—it is an elastic word. Meanwhile, Laurence had been telling himself that he had been a culpable wretch to marry Madeline West. What would he say to her father when he placed his daughter in his arms—a daughter in all but rags, with a face pinched with famine, without a friend, without a penny, and weighted with a dying husband and a peculiarly ill-tempered baby?

How much better would it have been if he had curbed his foolish fancy—nipped it in the bud, and left Madeline to her fate. Why had he not wired to Mrs. Wolferton? What would her father say? Would he cast her off?

Madeline had hinted that, as well as she could judge her father from his letters, he was fond of show and style and great people. He wished her to dance and sing and play well, and to speak French; but he had never said a word about literature, or the English classics, or what Laurence called "the higher education of women." On the other hand, he hoped that she would always make acquaintance with girls her equals, or even superiors, and never lower herself by school-friendships that it would be impossible for him to recognize. Madeline had once innocently repeated this to her husband verbatim, and it came vividly before him now. Madeline had done more than form a friendship of which her aspiring parent would disapprove, a friendship that could be slipped out of like an old glove. Here she was tied for life to a poor man, whose only career seemed likely to be that of an invalid—a stone round her neck as long as he lived.

He had but faint hopes of his own recovery; everything was against it. He knew that this could not be helped, and he was very patient. If he had good wine, wholesome delicacies to tempt his appetite, instead of gruesome scraps of stale, ill-cooked meat and poisonous port at a shilling; if he could have a change to pure, invigorating air, he might yet have a chance. And he knew that he might as well long for the moon—for the entire firmament!

"What is to be done, Laurence?" asked Madeline, rather surprised at his long silence. "What do you think of it?"

"You must go, of course," he returned at last. "Go to-day."

"To-day! My dear Laurence, what are you thinking of?" sitting down on a rush chair as she spoke, and staring at him in amazement. "Where is the money to come from? Look here," producing a shabby little purse, with a brass clasp, and turning out the pitiably small contents, "all I possess is two and sevenpence."

"Still you must go, Maddie, by hook or crook; much may depend on it. A return third-class—"

"A return third-class would be twenty-two shillings — one pound two," she interrupted. "And, besides, I could not go in this," looking down at her gown; "now," appealingly, "could I?"

"No, you could not," he replied, with a little flush on his pale face. "And you must get something out. To get something out something else must go in. And," speaking with an effort, "I never thought to part with them, but they could not go in a better cause. I mean," wiping his damp forehead, "my mother's miniature and my father's medals. The miniature is framed in seed pearls; the back is gold—it ought to fetch a couple of pounds. It's in my desk, Maddie, in a little morocco case." There were other things in his desk — neatly-copied-out manuscripts. These, alas! were valueless—he had proved them. "Take it, my dear, and welcome; and the medals—they will fetch a few shillings."

"Oh, Laurence," suddenly kneeling down beside him, "I don't like to! Must I really? I know you think so much of them. They are the only relics you possess. No, no; I really can't!"

"Yes, you can, and you shall," said the sick man, with sudden decision. "Here, at last, is an opening for you, my poor Maddie. Something tells me that your father is alive—is coming home rich. You are his only child, his heiress. You will be looked after and cherished when I am gone. Yes, my dear, it will be best for you in the end. It was most wicked of me to marry you. I see it all now, only too plainly. I had put by nothing for such a strait, and I had no wealthy friends. But I never dreamed that it would come to this, Maddie; believe me, I never did. Forgive me!" he urged, and tears, born of weakness and remorse, stood in his hollow eyes.

"Laurence!" she interrupted, attempting to place her hand on his mouth.

"I should have walked home in the snow that night; I should have taken you to the Wolfertons' house, and telegraphed for her; I should have gone to the parish clergyman—done anything but what I did, and which led to my dragging you into such a pit as this!" with an inclusive wave of his hand and a glance round the mean little attic. "But it won't be for long now," he added in a lower voice.

"Oh, Laurence," she almost screamed as she seized his arm, "why are you telling me such terrible things, when we have a little gleam of hope at last? It is cruel—cruel of you. You couldn't mean that, after all we have gone through together—that when we are approaching smooth water — you — you would leave me!"

And here she suddenly broke down and burst into tears, for, alas! she had an agonizing inward conviction that there was truth in what he said. How pale and thin and wasted he looked! No one would recognize him who had seen him last year, with his shorn head, gaunt cheekbones, and sunken eyes; and she had a heart-breaking feeling that it was not mere actual illness, nor the dregs of that terrible fever, that were to blame for this, but that cruel, pitiless, ferocious wolf called WANT. He was dying of the lack of mere necessaries, and she, miserable woman, was powerless to procure them; and for this she laid down her head and wept as if her heart would burst—her passionate sobbing fairly frightened Laurence. Madeline's tears were rarely seen; Madeline was always bright, cheery, almost gay, at the very worst of times; and now came a reaction, and she was weeping as he had never seen any one weep before.

"Don't, Maddie, don't," he whispered, feebly stroking her hair; "you will be better without me, though you don't think so now. You are young—only nineteen—many bright days may be in store for you. I will leave you contentedly, if your father has come home. The greatest horror I have ever known will be lifted from my mind. You don't know, dearest, what torments have racked me as I lay awake through the long, dark nights, listening to the clocks striking hour after hour, and wondering what would become of you? Now Providence has answered the question; your father will give you and the child a home. There, Maddie, there, don't; I can't bear to see you cry like this; and I—I may get over it, and— And now, you see, you have awakened the baby!" as a shrill, querulous cry from the next room interrupted what he was about to say.

The maternal instinct thus roused, he hoped that her tears would cease, as he was powerless to arrest them. And Madeline completely broken down—Madeline, who was always so brave, who had come out in a new light under the scorching flames of the furnace of affliction—was a sight that completely unmanned him.

Madeline hastily dried her eyes, strangled her sobs, took her shrieking offspring out of his cradle, and gave him his midday bottle—an operation which appeased his appetite and soothed his feelings. Then she came back to her husband with the child in her arms, and said in a husky voice, "If you had change of air, good food, properly cooked, fruit, wine, and the little delicacies all sick people require, you would get well—I know you would. Promise me, promise that you will try to get better! Promise me that you will wish to get better, Laurence," she continued tremulously, "for—for our sake."

"I can promise that, at any rate, Maddie," he answered with a dim smile; "but you know the old proverb about wishes."

"And you know that while there's life there's hope," she answered quickly. "I have hope; you must have hope, too! And now I am going out, you will have to mind baby," placing the white bundle beside his father, who eyed his charge dubiously, as it stared at him stolidly, thumb in mouth.

Madeline hurriedly put on her hat and jacket, and, taking a key, unlocked a brass-bound desk, and, after a little search, drew out the morocco case. "Is this it?" she asked, holding it up. "This is what you mean?"

A nod assured her that it was.

"You would like to look at it once more," she said, gently laying it in his hand. "I don't know how to take it. You are so like her, too," looking down at the little oval miniature of a pretty, spirited girl with dark eyes and dark hair, and seeing her husband's gaze fixed greedily on the portrait. "You were so fond of her, Laurence."

"Not more than I am of you, Maddie," he answered, closing the case with a decisive snap. "And my father's medals," he said, as he held them up, and looked at them wistfully. "Well, they will fetch a few shillings, and they go in a good cause. Here, take them, my dear, and go and don't be long."

Needless to add this formula. Was she ever long? But time passed very slowly when Madeline was absent from those two poor attics which were called home.

(To be continued.)

THE Emperor of Japan is an individual who would appeal to the English heart. He is an all-round sportsman, devoted to riding, shooting, tennis, fishing and billiards, and a patron of football.

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.

BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

"WHAT do you suppose a little girl like me can do in all this great world?" was the discouraged question a very disconsolate little girl asked of an older friend "once upon a time."

The question led me to think of some things that little people had done and were doing. I thought of a "little mother" of whom I had heard, not yet twelve years old, who kept house as best she could in three poor little rooms for her hard-working father and two younger children, her motherless sister and brother. I thought of the many little girls and boys who were their mothers' "willing helpers." I thought of those in our great cities upon whose parents the burden of poverty presses so heavily that even the children must earn a scanty pittance, if but a dollar or two a week as cash or nurse girls. And then I thought of pleasanter things the young people were doing. How they were organizing Happy Thought Clubs all over this broad land, some of which were eager to earn money for libraries, others were trying to help needy families, and still others were distributing toys to poor children; and all the time while doing these sweet and lovely deeds, they were cultivating happy thoughts and being like the glad sunshine in its cheering influence.

And then I thought, "Why, what is it that a little child can't do?" And the memory of that blessed Bible verse, "A little child shall lead them," came into my mind, and I wondered how many older people would be led or influenced by our willing workers to have happy thoughts and to perform kindly deeds. And while wondering about all this—just how much good we could do and how far our influence might extend—I seemed to see an immense army of young people marching cheerily on to brightness and happy thoughts, each wearing a glistening badge that preached its own blessed though silent little sermon to every one whose eye it caught, and the whole army were singing as with one voice our ringing Happy Thought Club song; while following on was a constantly increasing procession of older people, that when I tried to number I found I could not. And so I gave up the problem, and will ask my young readers:

What is there a child cannot do if he or she really tries? And then I will ask another:

What may not our Happy Thought Clubs accomplish in this busy, rushing world?

Will each club try to answer these questions and think how much we may do, all working together earnestly, perseveringly and enthusiastically?

MISS MARY C. BURKE.

Miss Mary C. Burke of Newburgh, N. Y., is fifteen years of age, and attends St. Patrick's Academy for young ladies on Grand Street, in that beautiful city on the Hudson. Miss Mary has not yet any decided aim in life. She thinks it possible, however, that she will find one before the close of her school days, two years hence. Better than anything else Miss Mary likes to read and study. Every holiday is spent in reading. Dickens and Longfellow are her favorite authors.

MASTER GEORGE STUBBS.

Master George Stubbs of Oakland, Cal., is twelve years of age, and one of our most active and successful workers in the Happy Thought Club. Master George attends school, and has not yet fully decided upon his future career, although he now thinks most favorably of the professions of journalist, lawyer or doctor. Whatever choice he shall finally make, we may be assured that if he carries into his life work the same energy, good cheer and perseverance that he has shown in organizing and perfecting the Oakland club, he will be successful. Master George is very fond and proud of his beautiful Western State, and I judge is one of those boys who will always be loyal to his home and his country and an honor to them both.

Altoona, Pa., *Dec.* 26, 1895.

DEAR MADAM—* * * We have a hall with a large bookcase, and we mean to get our charter and badges, and then fill the case with books. We had an entertainment on Christmas Eve. We gave a cantata, "A Trip to Santa Claus." We had singing, and music on guitars, banjos and harps. I think we will soon be able to send for our charter and badges. I shall be glad when the money is raised, as it does not seem like belonging without an emblem. I think the badges are very nice. We have eleven new members, and we get six more to-night. I wish all the clubs would flourish as mine is doing. Thank you for starting the idea of having H. T. C.'s.

Your friend, M. CLYDE.

Your club certainly has an excellent happy thought—that of starting a library. Good books are almost the best friends any one can have. Your Christmas Eve entertainment was, I am sure, very delightful. The badges are much prettier, I think, than is the picture of them, perhaps because they are "bright and shining" instead of just plain black and white. I am confident your club members will take great pleasure in wearing them. A membership of thirty for a club that organized so few weeks ago with but thirteen is certainly a very gratifying increase. I shall expect that your club will accomplish a great deal of earnest, helpful work.

New York, *Dec.* 29, 1895.

DEAR MADAM—I take the pleasure of writing to you about our sixth meeting, and also of telling you that our club has invited you to our entertainment and has also sent you the inclosed card to show their gratitude toward you in sending papers around the U. S. to get clubs organized. The meeting was called to order by the president—myself—the roll called, money collected, and minutes read and approved. Then we were preparing for our entertainment which is Jan. 1, 1896. Two motions were made proposing Mrs. Wood as an honorary member of our society; also the members proposed their parents as honorary members. Then a motion was made to adjourn. Yours respectfully,

ANNIE COHEN, *Pres.*
BERTHA SOLOMON, *Sec'y.*

Many thanks for your kind thoughts of me. I am sorry that your letter was received a little too late to allow of my accepting your invitation. The Christmas card is very dainty, and will be treasured. No more perfect wish could be given any one than that so beautifully expressed in its verse:

"A New Year bright with love's own light,
Fair be each gift it bears,
And may it usher in a train
Of bright and happy years."

We must not forget to thank both the editor and publisher of COLLIER'S WEEKLY for permitting me to offer the happy thought idea to the young readers of their paper. I accept with pleasure the privilege of being an honorary member of your club, and shall hope to meet you at some day not very far distant.

A letter of later date—January 2—has also been received from Miss Cohen, in which she inclosed a very handsomely hand-decorated, colored and printed programme of the entertainment, at which the members of Happy Thought Club No. 9 were present as invited guests. Miss Sarah Schwartz was the winner of the first donkey prize, for a donkey party was included in the evening's fun, and received a bottle of cologne; Miss Ella Bielm received the booby prize, a handsome picture, and the president, Miss Cohen, surprised all by presenting each one with a pretty candy-filled souvenir. Miss Cohen made the opening address, and all the members united in singing the Happy Thought Club song written by our kind friend and well-wisher, Mr. T. C. Waite. Among those who had special parts in the entertainment, which consisted of recitations, dialogues, violin solos, singing and dancing, were: Misses S. Schwartz, J. Colden, I. Bielm, I. Birnbaum, T. Hancharov, S. Reiffin, M. Cohen, A. Hyman, B. Solomon and B. Levenberg.

New York, *Dec.* 30, 1895.

DEAR MADAM—No words can express my feelings at this moment, and therefore I will not try to do it. I am quite overjoyed in being a prize-winner, and I will add that elegant book that I received to my little library. My club was disappointed on Christmas Day, for we all expected you, and we were prepared to show you what we could do. We had the jolliest time possible, and were honored with the presence of the other Happy Thought Club that is in this city. We have been invited to attend their entertainment and hope that our expectation—namely, that of seeing you there—will be fulfilled. I am now going to ask of you a favor—May we add your name to those of the honorary members which we have on our books? Please do not refuse, for when Mr Gesas made that motion, it was received with cheers, and I was told to inform you of it immediately. We sincerely hope you will answer us to our wish. Here is a song which I have remodeled from one heard with joy by every American. It is sung in the tune of "Marching to Georgia," and is as follows:

I.

We will rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting for the H. T. C. and glory;
We care naught for the others, some we disdain,
Shouting for the H. T. C. and glory.

Chorus: H. T. C. forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Yell a little louder and tell them who we are,
While we go rallying round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting for the H. T. C. and glory.

II.

Our club is the best the world ever saw,
Shouting for the H. T. C. and glory;
We will lead the others in just a few years more,
Shouting for the H. T. C. and glory.

Chorus.

I wish, in the name of my club, you and all the members of the Happy Thought Club, a Happy New Year.

BENJAMIN INDORSKY.

I am very glad you were pleased with the book, and trust that the "little" library will steadily increase, until in future years it will be a large one, and you can consider all the best authors of the past as well as of the present day, through their books, as "among your intimate friends," as my dear grandma used to say. I, too, was disappointed on New Year's as well as on Christmas Day; but I shall hope to yet meet you all many times. I am sure your club did admirably, and only wish that I might have had the pleasure of witnessing the entertainment. Instead of asking a favor I shall consider that your club has bestowed one in nominating me as an honorary member, and shall be very glad to accept the kindness of Mr. Gesas and the other members. I also thank your for the song, and hope some more of our boys and girls will follow your example and send at least a few verses—even one is better than none. No one knows what he or she can do until an attempt is made. Many thanks for your good wishes.

New Orleans, La., *Dec.* 30, 1895.

MRS. S. S. WOOD—I am more than surprised, having seen my name on the Roll of Honor. But you have made a mistake. I am a Mr instead of a Miss. Our club is progressing wonderfully. We have thirty-five members now and are in hope of getting more. I must congratulate my friends' club. We intend to give a concert for the benefit of the poor, and wish that you and my friends could attend. We have nearly ten dollars in the treasury, and would like to purchase badges and charter. With a Happy New Year to all our friends, I am, Yours respectfully,

M. HASPEL, *Pres.*

Please pardon my mistake. If only you had signed the letter, instead of simply M. Haspel, either Martin or Matthew, I would have known that you were not Martha or Minnie; however, perhaps I ought to have known anyway. I sincerely congratulate you on the large membership of your club, and also on the goodly sum in the treasury. It surprises me sometimes, as much as I think of young people, and as great as I consider their abilities to be, when I learn how much they are accomplishing. Energy and perseverance are evidently not lacking. I trust your concert will be a great success, and shall hope to receive quite an extended account of it. I am confident the members would all enjoy hearing frequently from your club. Many thanks for the "Happy New Year" wish to us all, as well as to myself.

Warren, Pa., *Jan.* 4, 1896.

DEAR MRS. WOOD—You wished to know the names of the members of our club. They are as follows: Lottie Cook, president; Florence Darts, vice-president; Edith Nelson, secretary; Eda Werle, vice-secretary; Imo Risva, treasurer; Lillian Nelson, vice-treasurer, and Ida Risva, Edith Strickfuss and myself, standing committee. We did not think we would need a second vice-president because our club is quite small. We meet each Friday evening at the homes of the different members, and we have singing and speaking. We are going to have a quarterly review of our exercises, and invite our friends to come and see them. After our business has been attended to, and our short exercises are over, we play games, or sew; we are going to start a patchwork quilt, and when it is finished we are going to give it to some poor family in our own town. We are all working hard to make our club the happiest club. Yours truly, LILLIAN UNGERER.

Thanks for the names of your members. I thought they all deserved to appear in COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Your happy thoughts are certainly delightful and practical ones. The quarterly review is a new idea to me, and I presume it will be to many of our club members. Some poor family will have occasion to bless the work of helpful little fingers when that quilt is completed and bestowed; and I think that the youthful donors themselves will have learned some precious lessons while busy sewing happy thoughts into it. I would like to make one block of the quilt if your club will permit me to do so, and you will kindly send me a paper pattern with any necessary instructions you like, so that I may know the size and shape of the design—that is, unless you prefer it to be all your own work. Will you also state what material it is to be made of? It seems so nice to have one of our clubs doing something that I, living in another State, can help just a little about. It makes me feel "better acquainted." Doesn't it you? I hope that each one of our clubs is striving to be the "happiest club." I am very glad that you are having such pleasant times. My best wishes to every member.

FIVE THOUSAND PRIZES.—To every organizer of the next five thousand Happy Thought Clubs, COLLIER'S WEEKLY offers a prize under the following conditions: Any book or books published by Mr. Collier to the value of $2.50 will be given every organizer of a Happy Thought Club of ten members, provided he or she reports within ten days after seeing this announcement that a club has been formed, if within thirty days thereafter, or forty days from seeing this announcement, a charter and ten badges, or ten four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which includes ten badges, shall have been ordered. Books to the value of $5.00 will be awarded every organizer of a club of fifteen members or over who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement just what progress has been made, and within fifteen days shall report the club as complete, if thirty days thereafter, or forty-five days after seeing this announcement, a charter and fifteen badges, or fifteen four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been ordered. A handsome gold badge will be given the organizer of a club of twenty members or over, who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement what progress has been made, and within twenty days shall report the club as complete, if the charter and twenty badges, or twenty four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been received within thirty days thereafter, or within fifty days after seeing this announcement. It will count equally on a prize if badges alone, or badges with four months' subscriptions shall be ordered; or a part of the members may order one and a part the other. The organizers of the first clubs completely equipped will be placed on our honor roll. COLLIER'S WEEKLY of October 31 contains very full instructions for organizing clubs.

CHARTER.—Our charter, size 18x24 inches, is really a handsome work of art, and is printed in colors. Every club will, I am sure, wish to have theirs framed. The price is $1.00; or it will be sent *free* as a present, to any club the members of which shall have ordered, sent to any addresses, eight four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. When ordering a charter, always send the names of those who assisted in organizing.

BADGES.—The price of the badges is fifty cents each; or a badge will be given free to any club member who shall send $1.00 for a four months' subscription to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The paper will be sent to any address, but the order must be received from a member of some Happy Thought Club, to whom the badge will be mailed.

COLORS.—Light purple, suggestive of royalty—the royalty of purpose and heart; light yellow, of sunshine; and white, of purity, are the Happy Thought Club colors.

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A VERY DESIRABLE CALENDAR.

CALENDARS of all kinds and sizes herald the coming year. Many are to be had for the asking—many without asking—but to them as to other things the rule might be applied that what costs nothing is worth about what it costs. The calendar we always welcome has just reached us. We refer to the one published by N. W. AYER & SON, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia. This issue seems if possible even better than its predecessors. Handsome enough for the library, and yet carefully adapted for every-day use, it is naturally a great favorite. The firm's well-known motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," appears this year in a new and very attractive form. The daily presence of this inspiring motto is worth far more than the price of any calendar. The date figures are so large and clear that they can easily be seen across the room. The reading matter on the flaps will also possess interest to the progressive. Those who have used this calendar in other years will not be surprised to learn that the demand for it is constantly increasing. Once introduced it becomes a welcome friend. Its price (25 cents), includes delivery, in perfect condition, postage paid, to any address.

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HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.

DEEP and far within the recesses of the Kalahari Desert, a writer in the *South African Review* tells us, lie vast stretches of country almost as remote and unfooted as in the dim days before Vasco da Gama had doubled the stormy Cape and white men had discovered South Africa. Waterless as are these solitudes, they are yet singularly picturesque; and from their very inaccessibility they afford shelter to various species of desert-bred animals which, in these days of extermination, are becoming extremely scarce. In the northern portion of the Kalahari especially are to be found large troops of eland, gemsbok, hartebeest, and even koodoo—all beasts of chase which possess the rare faculty of supporting life for long periods of time without recourse to water.

Towering above all these great antelopes, there yet wander from forest to forest strong bands of the tall giraffe, one of the most strangely beautiful even of the varied forms of wild life to be found in Africa, one of the last relics of those primeval creatures which once roamed the world. Perhaps the most characteristic of the scenery of the upper Kalahari consists of those vast and ancient woodlands of giraffe acacia, where, amid open park-like glades, interspersed with dense thorny thickets, the giraffes of Southern Africa freely wander to this hour.

Of late years the Bechuana tribes bordering upon the Kalahari, having become possessed of horses and breech-loading rifles, have penetrated far into the desert, and during the season of the rains work havoc upon the great game. But although these black hunters are steadily denuding the Kalahari of its wonderful store of great game, there yet remain remote and unknown solitudes to which even they can scarce attain—natural preserves where the sound of the rifle has never yet been heard. It is to be feared, however, that even these sanctuaries must before very long yield their treasures of animal life to the merciless skin-hunters, bent only upon destruction.

For the skin and horns of an eland or gemsbok the Bechuana hunter can nowadays obtain about a sovereign at the up-country store. For the hide of a full-grown giraffe (greatly sought after for whip and sandal-making) he can obtain from three to five pounds. For these paltry considerations the native and the Boer hunter are prepared to brave all the dangers and difficulties of desert travel, so that they may slaughter whenever and wherever they shall find opportunity. The English hunter is, and always has been, much more merciful. And in these days, when the game is vanishing from Africa, as the snow melts before the sun, he is content to secure a few good trophies, to supply his camp with meat, and then stay his hand. Of all great game giraffe, when first seen and hunted, are perhaps the most calculated to fire the white man's imagination, to stir his blood. Their gigantic height, strange shape, beautiful coloring; the headlong speed at which they travel when roused; their rocking gait (a curious commingling of the sublime and ridiculous); their tremendous necks, swinging in unison with their strides; the difficulty of pursuing such game in the thorny wildernesses through which they plunge—all these things unite to make the first giraffe hunts unforgettable. After the first few hunts, however, Englishmen seldom shoot a giraffe, unless to supply necessary food, or to procure a unique specimen. The great creatures are so timid, so defenseless, and so rarely beautiful, that it seems a sin to destroy them.

It is just dawn in the desert; round the remains of an overnight camp-fire, just upon the edge of the *Kameel doorn* (giraffe acacia) forest, a little knot of hunters is preparing for a start. Coffee and a mouthful of food are swallowed, and the horses are saddled up. The hunters are camped thirty miles from their wagons; their nags have had no water since yesterday morning, and they will taste none for another dozen hours at least. But, like all South African ponies, they are hardy beasts, and are ready and eager for the fray. The two white hunters (they are Englishmen) mount their nags, and, preceded by three bushmen spoorers, ride into the forest. It is no great while before they have found spoor of a small troop of giraffe, and now, hour after hour, they follow it up. But the track has been very winding, the forest is thick, the eddies of what wind there is are full of betrayal, and at the end of three hours it is plain that the troop they are following have got their wind and run. It is useless following them at present. The sun is now high, and the forest is intensely hot, and coats are doffed and fastened to the saddle-bows. That is a mistake, as will presently be seen. The two men now separate. Within ten minutes one of them, peering through the trees, sees in front of him what, between the glare and the play of the light and shade, he takes to be the stem of an old withered thorn tree. It moves. That is no thorn tree, but merely the long neck of an old giraffe bull which has taken alarm, and with its fellow swings round and is away on the instant. The bush hereabout is horribly dense and thorny, and the thorns are of such a nature that the strongest cord breeches can scarcely withstand their assaults. The old bulls, with hides nearly an inch thick, care for no thorn in the forest, and plunge through the armed thickets as though they were black currant bushes. There is only one thing to be done: to forget the sickle thorns and follow them. The spurs go in, the gallant pony springs forward, and the chase begins. It is truly headlong. Crash go the tall giants, their long necks rising and falling rhythmically, their heads bending low to escape a bough which all but scrapes the withers. It is wonderful how such monstrous game can evade branches, and tack this way and that among the interruptions and obstacles of the forest. It is a tough gallop indeed, but in ten minutes the hunter has driven his pony right up to the tail of the nearest bull, and, from the saddle, has fired his shot. He falls behind a little, then closes up and fires again. Both bullets, planted close to the root of the tail, have plowed deep into the short body of the giraffe and done their work. The painted giant falters, sways, and then in an instant falls crashing to the earth, carrying with him in its ruin a stout sapling. Dark chestnut of coat (almost black with age upon the back), this old bull, measuring nineteen feet from the hoof to the tip of the false horns, forms a noble prize indeed. As he lies there in the long yellow grass, he looks, surely, the strangest of all survivals of the fauna of the dark ages—a priceless and pathetic relic, left to the modern world by the ravages of time.

WOOD PULP DECORATION.

THE MARVELOUS USES TO WHICH WOOD PULP CAN BE PUT.—ARTICLES OF DECORATION AND USEFULNESS MADE IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE SHAPE.

THE articles for household use and decoration made out of wood pulp are so numerous and unique in manufacture that fine exhibitions of them are displayed at most of the large house-furnishing stores in the city. This ware is something comparatively new to many people, and even the trade never handled it in great quantities until about a year ago; but the wonderful effects obtained with the pulp as it is chemically treated to-day promises to make its introduction very general and satisfactory. The old process of making hollow ware out of wood pulp limited its use to a comparatively small line of goods; but, by what is called the Howard process, it seems as if its field for usefulness had no end. An article with a curved top, or a hollow centre, can be turned out in one piece just as readily as any other shape. By the new process the pulp is inclosed in molds and the moisture is squeezed out by compressed air, while a fine netting holds the pulp fibre in its proper position. In addition to improving the method of molding the pulp into every conceivable shape, the manufacturers have discovered means of chemically hardening and toughening the ware so that its resistance will be equal to the best material used in the manufacture of household articles.

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For instance it can be prepared so that it will resist the action of all acids and oils, and can be made to take the place of glass or tin, in this respect. It is also toughened so that an article will not break when dropped, as in the case of glass or china. Furthermore, it can be given the finest finish and polish possible.

One of the greatest fields of usefulness to which wood pulp is now being put is the decoration of the interior of rooms. In this respect it will in time largely displace wood-carving. The most beautiful panels, friezes, mantels, tiles, moldings and wainscotings are made out of the wood pulp at a cost less than one-half that of carved wood. Perfect imitations of oak, walnut or cherry can be made, and after the decorations are put into place no one would detect the difference unless an expert. An entirely plain room can be decorated at the factory. The beautiful frieze is made into panels of certain lengths, and the mantels and wainscotings in the same way. These panels are then taken to the house and screwed or nailed into position, and the appearance of the whole room is changed immediately. As there is no grain to the wood pulp, the nails can be driven through it very close to the edge without splitting it. This advantage of itself is of considerable importance in fine decorative work, where small scrolls and figures have to be nailed to the walls to make them secure.

A great deal of this wood pulp ware is now used in the decoration of city houses, and many of the rooms that appear to abound in wood-carved decorations owe that beauty entirely to this new process. Paneled walls and ceilings, with colored and ceramic finish, are quite common, and heavily embossed mantels and wainscotings are decorated as no other material outside of carved wood permits. It is this resemblance to carved wood that makes the wood pulp so valuable for household decoration. The tendency for interior decoration is very evident to-day, and builders have long endeavored to make the new houses and apartments resplendent with ornate and richly carved woodwork. Many of the new buildings are so lavishly decorated in this way that one wonders how it could be done for the money. The secret of it is found in the new methods of applying molded wood pulp. In decorating a room in this way, no lath or plaster is necessary. The wood pulp is thick enough, and more durable than the plaster, and it can be put on in sheets, either plain or ornamented, so as to do away with the need of plaster walls. It leaves then, in the whole room, a surface that affords the best possible facilities for decorating and painting.

Our household furniture is decorated almost as generally by the wood pulp as the ceilings, walls and mantelpieces. Apparently handsome, wood-carved tables and chairs are offered for sale to-day at prices less than one-half demanded for them ten years ago. The labor of wood-carving cannot be reduced to any great extent, for it must be largely hand-work, and the reason for this great change must be in the substitution of pressed wood pulp for wood-carved ornaments. Sideboards, desks, beds, and all articles of household furniture, are elaborately decorated with handsome designs and figures. These ornamental pieces can be screwed and nailed on so deftly that when the finishing polish is applied it is difficult to detect the line of separation. Many pieces are glued on, making the deception more perfect. This ornamented furniture, while not so desirable as wood-carved furniture, is certainly a great improvement over the plain articles that would otherwise have to be offered in its place. As it is now people can fill their rooms with decorated furniture that looks for all the world as good as wood-carved, and at prices within their reach.

The manufacture of handsome vases out of wood pulp has now advanced to a stage where it is almost perfect. The most elaborate vases can be manufactured, and decorated with raised patterns, imitating china and earthenware in every essential, with the added advantage of not being liable to break. In fact, the new vases can be dropped upon the floor, and receive no harm. The glazed surface forms a perfect finish, and colored decorations of the most delicate hue can be put upon the surface. It would be impossible for an ordinary examiner to detect the imitation. It is possible to make the vases strong and durable with a relative thickness of sides that rivals the finest and most expensive earthenware and pottery. It is expected that this new line of goods will greatly affect the trade in the cheaper grades of pottery.

But the variety of articles manufactured out of the hardened wood pulp is unlimited, and a display of them at one of the large stores gives one a general idea of the usefulness of the material. Jardinieres of the most handsome patterns, delicately painted and decorated, are made in all sizes and shapes. Trays and waiters, with either a ceramic or a Japanese enamel finish, are made up at small expense, and caskets and album covers are manufactured in bewildering varieties. Bottles, toilet articles, brush backs, table tops, and a thousand and one small articles that are in daily use in the house, are turned out by the new process of molding wood pulp. In short, anything that the wood-carver can shape, or the sculptor can mold in clay or plaster, can be made out of the wood pulp.

Besides being harder and more enduring than most other materials used for manufacturing household articles, the wood pulp is said not to be affected by hot or cold temperatures, and that the articles will not warp and twist when exposed to the sun or stove heat. Water has no effect upon the most delicate ornaments made out of the pulp after it has been finished off and chemically hardened. Altogether the wood fibre promises to be one of the most all-round useful materials used in manufacturing.

To make paper transparent for copying drawings, place a sheet of paper over the drawing and rub it lightly with pure benzine. The tracing can then be readily made, and the benzine upon evaporating leaves the paper as opaque as before.

WHEN a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him he does not ask him to do so, but when he does not wish him to stay he puts the question, "Won't you stay and dine with me, please?" The visitor will then know he is not wanted.

ONLY in comparatively recent years has the tomato been recognized as an acceptable article of food. At the beginning of this century tomatoes were supposed to be poisonous, and were grown in gardens as curiosities, and called "love apples."

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in game fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

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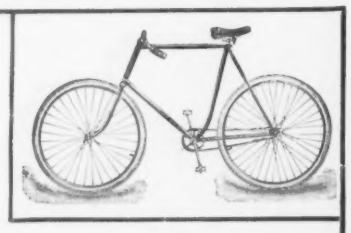

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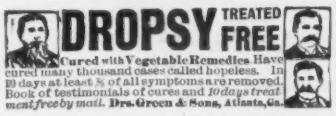

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